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## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Great Metropolis.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

SEVERAL years ago, a work, called "Babylon the Great," was published, containing the writer's views of our vast metropolis, and accounts of its various prominent features, as they appeared to him. The present is a production of the same class, but rather more limited in its compass, being chiefly addressed to the theatres and the periodical press; with a few chapters on the clubs, gaming houses, and the three classes of society—upper, middle, and lower—into which it has pleased the author to divide his remarks on the tide of human existence which bubbles o'er the capital.

It is obvious that a performance of this sort, if it have any merit at all, must be amusing; for all the world is curious to know the particulars respecting concerns so much behind the curtain as theatrical management, newspaper editing, or critical writing. It is equally obvious that no person can, by possibility, obtain accurate details on these subjects. Report and rumour must, in most cases, suffice for authority; and conjecture do the business of authentic research. Thus it stands with "the Great Metropolis," as represented in the volumes before us. The writer has approached his task with apparent fairness and honesty of purpose; and, as far as he could ascertain facts, has stated them without favour or partiality. But the result is, that the whole exactly resembles the usual newspaper intelligence; parts are right—small parts, commonly—the rest is wrong; and there is just truth enough to render the errors and mistakes more palpable. Having lived long in near communion with many of the persons and scenes described; and knowing the circumstances of others here related, and having a considerable experience of "the town," we can the more safely venture to pronounce that there is, at least, as much of what is not, as of what is, well founded in these pages. Still, there is a good deal of entertaining matter, and the author has told what he had to tell without dogmatism, in an unpretending manner.

With regard to his more general opinions, he has delivered them on some points where it is evident he has had no means of forming a judgment; and they detract to their entire extent from the interest of his book, as it refers to other things with which he is more conversant. We shall turn to a few passages to display its tone and character; and commence with a *coup d'œil*.

"London may be said to be a little world in itself. Every thing you want can be there procured, provided you have the means, on an incredibly short notice. There are men of all countries and climes in it. You meet with every variety of human opinion and human character within its vast circumference. There is no other metropolis in the world which can, in this respect, be compared with it. It is computed that there are, on an average, 120,000 strangers at all times, staying only for a few days, in London. The number of Scotchmen

supposed to be in London, is 130,000, being within a few thousands of the population of Edinburgh. The number of Irishmen is computed at 200,000, being nearly equal to the population of Dublin. The number of Frenchmen in the metropolis is calculated to be about 30,000."

Our next is a defence of clubs, for which we hardly suppose the married ladies of London will thank the writer.

"It is quite fashionable with certain people to pour forth all manner of abuse on the clubs. Never was abuse, in my opinion, more undeserved. I think them very excellent institutions, or, as Mr. O'Connell calls them, 'mighty good things.' What is the ground of complaint against them? Why, in the first place, that they have a tendency to make men unsociable. I deny it, as one of Sir Walter Scott's heroes—I forget which—says, point blank. I maintain, on the other hand, that their natural tendency is, by bringing men together and engaging them in conversation, to make them more sociable. Well, but it is said, they impair a man's domestic habits, by taking him away from his wife and children. Could there be a more ridiculous notion? Surely no reasonable woman would have her husband always with her. I could name thousands of wives, whose pockets are not overstocked with cash, who would pay the entrance-money, aye, and the yearly subscriptions to boot, to any of the clubs, if they could only prevail on their 'lords' to join them. They know little of the natural history of married women,\* who do not know that, of all afflictions in this world, that of having their husbands everlastingly moping at home is the greatest. This calamity is felt most sensibly by young and handsome wives. No price would, in their estimation, be too high, that would purchase the absence, for four or five hours each day, of their particularly domestic husbands. But, even were it otherwise—supposing it really were so, that the women generally complained of their husbands neglecting to fulfil their domestic obligations by frequenting the clubs, is that to be admitted, without explanation and without qualification, as a charge against them? I hope better things. I am sure the people of the present age are too enlightened for that. First of all, I hold that if a husband spends too much of his time in the clubs, the fault is that of his spouse, and not his own. There must be 'something rotten in the state of Denmark;' there must be misgovernment, if not absolute despotism at home, when a husband prefers the clubs, as a place of resort, to his own house. Well, and is such an unhappy person to have no place of refuge to go to? Is he to be doomed to endure the oppression of his better half, in addition to the squalling of his children—that is, on the supposition he has any? Why, really, those who know any thing of the miseries of matrimonial domination, when the tyrant is in petticoats, will say at once that the punishment which the northern Nero inflicts on the poor Poles, when he banishes them to the mines of Siberia, is nothing in severity to that of being always at home with one's wife,

under the circumstances I have stated. Here let me observe, that though we have few modern Socrates, the crop of Xantippes is as plentiful as was that of Falstaff's blackberries. To such husbands, therefore, the clubs are, to all practical purposes, benevolent asylums without the unpopularity of the name."

It is to be hoped that the writer is not married. The following addition is not much more flattering to the members named, to wine or other caterers.

"One very great advantage of the clubs is that the members can dine much more cheaply there than any where else. Every thing is furnished them at cost price; and they can order as little of any thing as they please. The Duke of Wellington sometimes dines on his joint at the Carlton, at an expense of one shilling, and Mr. Hume does the same at the Reform Club. Though his grace and the honourable member for Middlesex are very different persons, as regards their political opinions, there is a remarkable harmony between them on all matters relating to private economy. The advantage of these one-shilling dinners at the clubs over dining at an eating or chop-house, is that you save the penny to the waiter, which both the duke and Mr. Hume consider a matter of great importance. At all the clubs there are wine committees. To be a member of these committees is often an object of anxious desire on the part of many gentlemen. The reason may not at first sight be apparent: perhaps it will be guessed, when I mention, that one of the principal duties of the committee is to take care that the wines ordered be of the best quality, a point which can only, of course, be gained by *tasting* the wines before they are ordered."

Our author is what is called a liberal, and is consequently exceeding liberal of his opinion of the higher classes.

"No one," he assures us, "that knows any thing of the aristocracy, can fail to have been struck with the frightful extent to which profligacy exists amongst its male members. What is their hourly conduct, but a lively exemplification of the most profligate principles? I speak not of their intercourse with those of the opposite sex, whose course of life is indicated by their own favourite expression, 'unfortunate girls.' What I have chiefly in my eye is their constant attempts to seduce virtuous females. With hundreds this is not only the principal, but almost the only business of their life. To them it matters not that they entail irretrievable ruin on the poor victims themselves, nor that they plunge whole families into the deepest distress. These are considerations that never enter their minds: the gratification of their own unhallowed passions is the only thing that ever occupies their thoughts. And to aggravate, if that were possible, the enormity of their crimes, they openly boast of their exploits in this way. What must be the moral deformity of a mind that can first contemplate, and then carry into effect, the greatest crime which the stronger can commit against the weaker sex, and then glory in its shame? That the recital of these deeds of seduction should be listened to with patience by one's acquaintances, gives a painful picture of human

\* What is that?—Ed. L. G.

nature; that such a recital should be, as it is, often applauded to the echo, is a fact which may well make one "hang his head, and blush to think himself a man." But the species of criminality to which I refer does not stop here. It rises yet higher in the scale of social and moral enormity. Am I understood? Need I tell any one that knows aught of the male members of the aristocracy, that I refer to the attempts they are constantly making to induce infidelity to the marriage-vow, and to pollute the marriage-bed? Life among the higher classes is little better than a constant scene of intrigues and amours.

"These aristocratic offenders have no sense, even in such cases, of the enormity of their guilt. The injury they do the husband, and the degradation they entail on the family in the event of detection, are considerations which never enter their minds. They prefer married women for their amours, because the chance of detection is not so great. I have heard computations made as to the proportion of the male members of the higher classes who are guilty in this respect, compared with those who are guiltless. I will not give those computations: they would appear incredible to all unacquainted with the laxity of morals which prevails among our male aristocracy in London. Let it suffice to say, that it is beyond all doubt, that the extent to which the crime of polluting the marriage-bed is carried is frightfully great."

"Of the morals, in this respect, of our married female aristocracy, the less that is said the better for them. If the 'lords of the creation,' as the male libertines delight to call themselves, were repulsed as they ought to be when making improper advances, they would not be in such haste to repeat their unprincipled attempts. Look, again, at the aristocracy in their pecuniary transactions. Ask those who have been fated to deal with them in money-matters, their opinion on the subject. If the aristocracy can only get money, they care not whence it comes, nor by what means it is procured. They take credit from tradesmen wherever they can get it; but without persevering dunning they will never dream of paying their accounts—very often not with all the dunning in the world. Thousands of tradesmen are yearly ruined from the amount of unpaid aristocratic debts on their books. Does this give the titled 'fashionable' debtors any uneasiness? Not the slightest; they have no unpunctual visitings on this head: tradesmen are below their notice, further than to order and consume their goods. The poor victims of our extravagant aristocracy are torn from their families, and consigned to the Fleet, or the King's Bench, or some other receptacle for insolvents: their wives and children are doomed to endure all the horrors of poverty; while the authors of their wretchedness continue to riot in all manner of luxury, at the expense of a new set of tradesmen. Virtue is laughed to scorn among the aristocracy. Talk of a virtuous man or woman, and the term is an unmeaning one to them. It has not yet found its way into the vocabulary of the fashionable world. It is no recommendation to a person that his life has been one of spotless moral purity; that calumny has never dared to whisper a word to his disadvantage. That, indeed, would only serve to make him the butt of their ridicule. Would you be a favourite in the fashionable world—would you be a hero in the aristocratic circles—you must go through a previous course of moral and social profligacy. The greater the number and enormity of the injuries you have inflicted on society—always provided you take care not to render

yourself amenable to the criminal jurisprudence of your country,—the more popular are you sure to be among the higher classes of London."

How grossly foul and false is this exaggerated picture, need not be said. There is, indeed, enough of vice in every class of society; but no one who has ever enjoyed the taste, refinement, and social virtues, so eminently conspicuous in the upper circles of England, will sanction a libel so outrageous. There are the bad among them as among others; but the great majority are happily distinguished for superiority of manners as of station, and for a high moral observance of the duties and proprieties of life. They are seen by all about them; and, even if luxury and indulgence led the way to dissoluteness, they have a check upon them which persons in humbler circumstances have not. But, independently of this constrained or forced virtue—this obligatory sacrifice to appearances—it is only common justice to the aristocracy of the country to declare, that the majority of them individually, in their families, and in all their private and public relations, reflect lustre on the rank to which it has pleased Providence to ordain them. With richly cultivated minds, the ease which springs from their high position, kindly feelings, and an elevated sense of honour, they are indeed the ornaments of the social edifice, not the monsters of the writer's ignorant imagination. Mr. Grant could know nothing of this class, and had no pretension to caricature them. He is in the respectable rank of a reporter to the *Morning Advertiser*; and, in that rank, though observant of what lies within his reach, could have no chance of judging of dukes, earls, barons, and, far less, of duchesses and countesses.

The second volume, which contains the accounts of the press, will, we presume, be most liked; though, of very necessity, like its precursor, marked by a multitude of blunders. For instance, at 245, a story is told of Jack Finnerty (the well-known Peter Finnerty), which belonged to the almost equally famed Mark Supple; and another of a trick played on the same party, which was the sport of a very different person. We have already alluded to the impossibility of any stranger being acquainted with the property, editing, contributions, &c., in periodical publications; and, though about as well-informed as could be expected, we observe that the author falls into many mis-statements on these points. The matter is not of much consequence, but we can demonstrate the sort of misrepresentation from our own case. *The Literary Gazette*, we are told, started in 1816—it was 1817; "the original proprietors were Mr. Colburn, Mr. Valpy, and Messrs. Longman and Co."—Mr. Colburn was the original proprietor, joined, at the end of a few weeks, by Mr. Jerdan; Mr. Valpy never was a proprietor, and Messrs. Longman did not buy a share till 1821 or 1822;—thus it happened: not that "soon after its commencement it was agreed among the proprietors to present Mr. Jerdan with a share in the work, as a proof of their sense of his successful exertions in establishing it." "The principal present proprietors are Messrs. Longman and Co."—they have no greater share than Mr. Colburn and Mr. Jerdan.

For his personal compliments to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, our acknowledgments are due to the author. He thinks that we "exceeded the limits of temperate criticism" in our review of his former work, and therefore

\* The *Standard* and *Times* have already stated that the accounts respecting them are altogether erroneous.

owed us no favour. It is therefore a proof of mainly integrity and independence in him, and speaks well for the whole of his work, and the spirit which he has brought to it, that he should have done by us what a pure and unbiassed sense of justice and love of truth appeared to him to require. It shews us that his errors are those of circumstance and not of design; and stamps the veracity of his production to the full extent of the actual intelligence he could obtain. We do not know whether our present notice will please him more than the last, but we can declare to him, that both are written in the same spirit and principle which we have just recognised and praised in his own volumes. Moreover, we heartily wish him success; qualified, as we must qualify it, with our strong objection to certain freedoms taken with individuals in the course of his narrative, and relying on no better grounds than the scandalous paragraphs of blackguard weekly newspapers. His want of information about Crockford's is striking; but what could be expected from one who spells the name of the immortal Ude—Oude? why, that is the nabob whose sauce is sold at half-a-crown a bottle, not the mighty artist to whom to purchase the revenues of Oude would be an insignificant trifle. Other names are also sadly misprinted; but we must part in good humour, and so hope there may be other editions called for, were it only to have the long errata corrected.

*The Landscape Annual; or, the Tourist in Spain, for 1837.* By Thomas Roscoe. *Biscay and the Castiles.* Illustrated from Drawings by David Roberts. 8vo. pp. 294. London, 1837. Jennings and Co.

ANOTHER splendid and valuable volume. Last year we had the old romance, "the ballad world of Spain." We have now the present, in which it is curious to observe how the past is repeated. The same system of predatory warfare is still continued; but, leaving the political partisans of either Carlists or Christinos to fight it out by themselves, we shall deal in more general matters. Mr. Roscoe is a bold man to hazard the following assertions touching

*Spanish Beauty.*—"It has become fashionable among travellers in Spain, particularly in these portions of it, to grow eloquent in praise of the beauty of the women. Much, among those whose admiration is genuine, depends upon accidental circumstances. They have, perhaps, had the good fortune to fall in with a favourable specimen, both in character and appearance, and very naturally transfer the flattering ideas, by these means acquired, to the whole race. It is, in fact, exceedingly difficult to speak correctly and rationally on the subject. Not to dwell on the differences of taste—which, after all, perhaps, are nothing more than the difference between knowledge and ignorance—men's judgments are warped by so great a variety of considerations, that on this, or any other point with which passion is accustomed to interfere, it would be unreasonable to expect uniformity in their decisions. But, among persons, not only constituted alike, but educated amid the same ethical and philosophical influences, we have a right to look for some resemblance in their ideas of loveliness, particularly in the conformation of their own species. However, we frequently look for it in vain. One man, for example, will find, in traversing this part of Castile, that the women in the neighbourhood of Burgos are gifted with remarkable beauty; while another pronounces them to be as ugly as sin. Both, possibly, desire to speak truth, but, above all things, abhor

being commonplace; and hence, partly, the discrepancy in their descriptions, each seizing upon the opposite extreme of what they saw, and generalising unphilosophically. It is by no means easy to be eloquent or striking in correcting errors, and introducing moderation into a discussion; but I must risk the charge of being commonplace, for the sake of keeping within the limits of truth. The Spanish women, like all others of southern race, have remarkably fine large eyes, not indeed intelligent, or expressive of any thing beyond mere passion; but bright and sparkling, and full of animal fire. Their complexion, moreover, is often good, though dark, and their carriage possessed of all the grace and charm arising from ease and intense self-possession. Otherwise they appear to me far from beautiful. There is nothing of that classic lightness and sunniness of aspect discoverable in women of Hellenic blood,—nothing verging upwards towards the region of the ideal, or which wears the semblance of 'commencing with the skies.' They are all earth's mixture,—of corporeal mould. This character is given to the countenance by a flatness and squareness of visage, such as the ancient sculptors seized upon when they would represent the merry wood-gods and their train, and of which they found the type among the surrounding barbarians, or half-castes, at home. But such a style of features is well enough calculated, we know, to please persons of a peculiar temperament. They seek not for those creatures of poetic mould, in whom the rays of passion are so intimately blended with those of intellect, in whom imagination, fancy, and whatever is least terrestrial in human nature, are so wedded to ardour of feeling and depth of emotion, that the result is the most perfect harmony of soul and sentiment; but, instead of this, are content with warmth and vivacity, grafted on youth and health, and accordingly find what they admire in Spain."

The French, those universal innovators, have introduced a modern style of dancing even in Madrid; but Mr. Roscoe, liberal though he be, rejoices over their failure.

"Besides this serious innovation upon the vivacity of the old Spanish dance, modifications of the discipline of the ball-room were also attempted; but I am rejoiced to add that, in some respects, they signally failed. The ancient masters of the ceremonies still consist of two of the guests, selected by the visitors themselves,—namely, the *bastoneros*, and who, with bat under their arm and cane in hand, arrange the important details of the evening. One,—we hope it is not the cane,—presides over the ladies; the other,—we suppose the hat,—over the gentlemen; and it is the office of these masters to fix upon the dances, and who is to dance, and whether minuets, quadrilles, or fandangoes. Precedence and etiquette are the laws on which their conduct is based; add to which, a laudable desire to promote the acquaintance of those who sigh to become acquainted. The lady invited to dance first rises agreeably to antique custom, though it appeared strange to us, crosses the room alone, and places herself on the spot where she is to begin, without being indebted to her partner's gallantry and assistance; and when the dance is danced, the said partner makes his bow to her in the middle of the room, without giving himself any further concern about one who seems to be so well able to take care of herself. This custom, however, now only prevails, as it ought, in the provinces. The distinction in ranks, especially as regards females, is by no means so strict in Spain as

elsewhere; and, at no distant period, persons of condition might have been seen dancing in the public market-places and squares, and mingling in all the diversions of the people: in Biscay, Navarre, and parts of Catalonia, the custom continues to this day. It is there, too, we saw some lively specimens of the *carriacandanza*, an old favourite dance performed to the musical beat of the drum. But in Castile I was better pleased with the *guaracha*, danced by a single female to the sound of the guitar. It becomes the soft, serious look and graceful step, while the dancer, with motionless arms, often accompanies herself on some light instrument or other. Two other dances, peculiar to some districts in Catalonia, exhibit the same slow, solemn, and rather monotonous motion. In the first, a number of women begin with a stately measured step, one behind another, and one gentleman only at the commencement, another at the close of the file. The first leads, the second follows; but at every turn they change places, and he who was last gets first. The file sometimes stops, and forms into a circle. In a little while the file is broken; other gentlemen mingle in it, and each lady takes her partner. The whole dance next goes into a sort of circle; the men move through it backwards, each dancing before his partner, who fairly jumps him back into the set. The circle, the file, the crossings and backings alternately succeed; the men sometimes playing the castanets—those who have none snapping their fingers. The second is much more lively, but still somewhat tedious and uniform; and both are danced in turns to the sound of the bagpipe, the drum, a flageolet, and flutes made like a hautboy. We remarked that the dances of Cerdagne, Ampurdan, and the bordering province of Roussillon, do not much differ, and are performed to the same kind of instruments. We saw some of the Valencian dances, on the other hand, executed much in the manner of the old ballets, which evinced considerable dexterity and address. To display their precision of step, they place a number of eggs at short intervals from each other. Through these they fly around with extraordinary skill, without touching a single one of them. In a still more favourite dance the performers are furnished with a little stick, two feet and a half long: by striking them sharply together, they contrive to beat time instead of each other; and still, throughout the continued rapidity and complexity of their motions, in every possible position, they always manage to sound them at the same moment; and the music of the sticks, now quick, now slow, invariably hits the time, and falls on the ear in perfect concord. Still, none of the dances peculiar to the provinces can rank in the estimation of the public with the antique fandango, the modern bolero, and the *seguidilla*, a sort of ballet intended to represent the best points of the other two. The poet Martial, to be sure, launches his invectives against the dancers of Cadiz, meaning the ladies, for rendering this favourite of the people too soft and voluptuous, at the expense of its native vivacity and force. Like their passion for all festivals, solemn or simple, that of the Spaniards for the dance is carried to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Just as at their *fiestas de toros*, no sooner is the prelude to the evening's joys struck up, than a murmur of delight runs through the rooms, the whole frame seems to vibrate, the eyes and face glow with delight; and I could not help repeating to my companion the remark of an English divine, that if any one were to come suddenly into a church

or a court of justice playing the fandango or the bolero, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave or gay, young or old, would quit their functions, forget all distinctions, and all set themselves a-dancing. The observation is doubtless amusing, and was most probably suggested to the reverend traveller by a little Spanish piece, the humour of which turns on the proposed suppression of the fandango. The decision is referred to the conclave at Rome; a consistory was formed; the cause of the fandango was tried according to all the rules of the canon law. Sentence was going to be pronounced, when one of the judges very judiciously observed, that a criminal ought not to be condemned without being seen and heard. The observation was approved, and a Spanish couple was introduced, who to the sound of instruments displayed all the graces of the fandango. The severity of the judges was not proof against this appeal; the austerity in their faces soon began to relax; they got up; their knees and arms soon recovered their juvenile suppleness; the hall of the consistory was transformed into a dancing-room, and the fandango is acquitted. Its triumph must be supposed from thenceforth to be complete; and though French models, here as in other matters, have recently been proposed for popular imitation, I was convinced, from all I saw both at Madrid and in the provinces, that their reign would be transitory; and that, as with the French opera, national taste and long-engrafted custom would still maintain with the fandango their pristine influence, and that Spaniards would live and die Spaniards to the end of the chapter."

We close these pages with a suspicion, that the amusing details, and superb engravings, are almost as good as seeing the things themselves.

**A Hundred Good Points of Husbandry.**  
Set forth by Thomas Tusser, Gentleman.  
Reprinted Verbatim from the Original Edition of 1557. 4to. pp. 33. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

THIS work has been reprinted by an amateur, Mr. Charles Clark, an English farmer, now living within four miles of the place where Tusser was born, and still following the good old occupation of husbandry, at Great Totham Hall, Essex. Although the production of this literary rarity will not entitle the worthy labourer to rank as an associate with the British Bristolians, it will, nevertheless, place him high in the estimation of every lover of old English literature. Nearly three hundred years have glided away since "Tusser's Husbandry" first appeared. What thousands of tongues are now mute that uttered his quaint stanzas, and dealt out his quaint precepts, with wise shakes of the head, and knowing looks, to the young village binds on a winter's evening! for there was a time when this production was in the hands, or committed to the memories, of almost all the country gentlemen, and others connected with agriculture, in the kingdom. "Some books," observes the late Mr. Haslewood, in the 'British Bibliographer,' "become heirlooms from their value: and 'Tusser's Husbandry,' for useful information in every department of agriculture, together with its quaint and amusing observations, passed from father to son, till the copies crumbled away in the bare shifting of the pages, and the mouldering relic only lost its value by the casual mutilation of time." Tusser's work is still occasionally referred to in illustrating the agriculture, customs, manners, and odd household



economy of the sixteenth century. Many of his couplets are also very curious in old adages, receipts for storing provisions, in-door occupations on long nights, and stormy weather; the maintaining of ancient feasts; the names of rude tools used in husbandry; how to keep house; advice to housewives: with a store of useful information, which was not wasted upon our frugal ancestors, and which has been but little improved upon during the lapse of so many years. There appears to have been no lack of the improvident, even in old Tusser's day; and those who now live, "like fighting-cocks," in the beginning of the week, and like "church-mice" at the termination; genuine gin-drinkers; half-and-half men; leg-of-mutton and pudding demolishers on the Sabbath, and chance diners for the remainder of the week,—may yet treasure up the following stanzas:—

"With some folke on sundays their tables do reke,  
and halfe the weke after their diners to seke;  
At no time to much but have alway ynough (enow),  
is housholdy fare, and the gysse of the plough.

For what shal it profyt ynough to provide,  
and then haue it spoiled, or filched aside;  
As twenty lode bushes cut downe at a clappe,  
such hede may be taken shall stoppe but a gappe.

Good labouring threshers, are worthy to eate,  
Good husbandy ploughmen deserveth their meate,  
Good huswiesly huswies that let for no rest,  
should eate when they list and should drinke of the best."

No doubt, a good hard-working thresher in those days was rewarded with a substantial lump of meat, or an extra plate of cabbage, at dinner, while the less industrious was served with an ancient Vauxhall carver—a delicate transparency—a thing of light without shadow, which only left his appetite the keener. But the good housewife was allowed to eat when she pleased, and, doubtless, when the gudeman was a-field, she took advantage of this license, and, like many a fair dame of modern times, came to table with only a lady's hunger.

In August we are to chase and lay up our salt-fish; we are not to purchase that which has been "burnt at the stone," but to dry it ourselves, and to pack it up "with pease strawe betwene, least it rot as it lie." Before going out to ride, we are also cautioned to leave the servants well employed, if it be only

"to carry thy muckhilles on thy barley ground."

But our ancestors did not ride out solely for pleasure; for Tusser says:—

"This good shalt thou learne, with thy riding about,  
the prizes of things, all the yere thoroughout:  
And what time is best for to sell that thou haue,  
and how for to bye to be likely to saue.

He byeth at first hand that ventres his golde,  
he byeth at second that dare not be bolde;  
He byeth at third hand that nedes borrow must,  
who byeth of him than shall pay for his lust.

When euer thou bargain for better or worse,  
let alway one bargain remain in thy purse:  
Good credit doth well, but good credit to kepe,  
is pay and dispatche him or euer thou slepe.

When gentiles vse walking with hawkes on their handes,  
Good husbandes with grasing doe purchase their landes."

It appears that they paid gold pieces in those days, in place of paper, and that a bill for three months would have given a gentleman the gout or nightmare, and prevented his sleeping soundly.

I imagine an old farmer thrusting his hands to the bottom of his huge leather pockets, eyeing narrowly a young blood, who was riding past with hawks and bells, and, like a modern stock-jobber, or Jew, thinking how "de monish" he spent was narrowing his broad lands. Then we are advised to ally out with "slinges and arrows and bowes," to drive the birds away from the corn; for

"A good boye abroad, by the day starre appere,  
shall skaregood man crosse that he dare not come nere."

Farley "good man crosse" waddling down a field, like a well-fed alderman, and old Tusser invading his civic feast, as he paused now and then to eat; and, like David with his sling, or Robin Hood with his arrow, turning him over in a moment; and, if he was a carrion crow, having him cooked for the lazy thresher's dinner.

The farmer is also forewarned to lay up a good store of acorns for his hogs; and, if he wishes their ears to be uncropped, to keep a sharp look-out after his neighbours' dogs. When the moon is in the wane, fruit may be gathered safely; and, whatever it may cost, he must have his wheat sown by "hallowmas eve." At hallowmas, slaughter, and salting beefs, and muttons, and hogs, commences.

"and than doth the husbando man's feasting begin.  
With that and fat bacon, till grasse biefe come in:  
thy folke shall loke cherey when others loke thin."

Beans are also to be sown after the day "of Saint Edmonde the King," when the moon is in the wane; for this reason, "theron hangeth a thing." "Now, what can this thing be?" some young village unbeliever would, perhaps, venture to inquire of his long gray-bearded old grandfather; but the old gentleman would only shake his head, as if to say it was a mighty secret; and the youth would, perhaps, fall asleep over the black-letter copy upon his knee, while endeavouring to discover it. And next day he would inquire of the monk, who would also shake his head, and trot off, on his rusty mule, to the monastery.

We have also some excellent advice respecting Christmas, which we should have no objection to see followed up closer in the present day.

"Get iuye and hull, woman deck vp thyne house;  
and take this same bawne, for to seeth and to soue.  
Provide vs good chere, for thou knowast the old gulse:  
olde customes, that good be, let no man dispise.  
At Christmas be mery, and thanke god of all:  
and feast thy pore neighbours, the great with the small.  
yea all the yere long haue an eie to the pore:  
and god shall sende luck, to kepe open thy doore.

This last stanza is worthy of being written in letters of gold, and stuck up as a memento in the halls of our nobles. The peasantry were much happier in those good old times, when the lord of the manor threw open his doors once a-year, and left them to the full enjoyment of their rude but innocent pastimes. There was an honest familiarity, a true attachment formed in the hearts of the lower orders towards their superiors: they bore their poverty more cheerfully; they were less dissatisfied than they are now; they were not, perhaps, so politically wise, but, oh! they were much happier.

We are next informed, that "a good cow for milk is as good as a pound yearly;" and began to calculate how many cows poor old Tusser would be compelled to keep at that rate in the metropolis now to live decently; true, we did not take the Welchman's sky-blue into the account. He also advises us to "go to bed twice a-week without broth." The servant, too, when walking in the fields, is to look out for suitable stakes and branches to make his yokes, forks, and rakes of, and to manufacture them at his leisure, by the fire-side; and when cold, to take his beetle and wedge, and work until he is warm, which

"Shall helpe to save fier bote and please well thy wife."

Good housewives are also recommended to have in their gardens some plot of ground from which they can either "trim up their houses, or furnish their pot," by which means they will win the "heart of the labouring

man." If they do not attend well to their dairies, they may expect to find

"Their milke slopt in corners, their cream all to seet  
(spilt.)  
their milke pannes so flotte that their cheeses be lost."

And that, in such houses, the servants, suspecting that all is not right,

"With one thing or other they trudge away straight."

We conclude with the curious alliteration at the end, and leave the "Life of Thomas Tusser, Written in Verse by Himself," to those who may feel a further interest in the old poet, who stands in no contemptible light between the days of Chaucer and Spenser:—

"Things thrifte, that teacheth the thriving to thrive:  
teach timely to trauas, the thing that thou true.  
Transferring thy toyle, to the times truly taught:  
that teacheth the temperance, to temper thy thought.

To temper thy trauaile, to tarrye the tide:  
this teacheth the thriftnesse, twenty times tride.  
Thinke truly to trauaile, that thinkest to thee:  
the trade that thy teacher taught truly to thee.  
Take thankfully things, thanking tenderly those:  
that teacheth thee thrifly, thy time to transpoe.  
The trouth teacheth two times, teach thou two times then:  
this trade thou that takest, take thrift to the then."

*The Biblical Keepsake; or, Landscape Illustrations of the Most Remarkable Places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures.* With Descriptions of the Plates by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D. Third Series. 8vo. pp. 168. London, 1837. Murray.

"The present volume," says the Preface, "terminates the series originally contemplated for the *Biblical Keepsake*." And a very handsome and valuable volume it is; well worthy of its predecessors, and forming with them a work which ought to be found in every Christian's library. Although the descriptions are principally compiled from the publications of Arundell, Belzoni, Bruce, Buckingham, Burckhardt, Burgess, Burton, Carne, Cassas, Chateaubriand, Clarke, Cramer, De Laborde, Delamartine, Emerson, Fuller, Gell, Hardy, Hartley, Henniker, Jowett, Keith, Leake, Madox, Newton, Richardson, Robinson, Russell, Shaw, Mrs. Starke, Walpole, Wilkinson, Wilson, &c., they have been much enriched by a number of manuscript communications; especially from F. Catherwood, Esq. and Mrs. Bracebridge. As a specimen of the pleasing manner in which Mr. Horne has executed his undertaking, we will quote the description of the River Nile.

"The Nile is the only river of Egypt, and is called, by way of pre-eminence, 'The River,' in Gen. xli. 1, and Exod. i. 22. Some critics have supposed it to be the Sihor or Shihor mentioned in Isa. xxiii. 3, and 1 Chron. xiii. 5. This river takes the name of the Nile only after the junction of the two great streams of which it is composed, viz. the *Bahr el Abiad*, or White River, which rises near the equator, in the Mountains of the Moon, in the interior of Africa, and runs northward till it is joined by the other branch, the *Bahr el Asrek*, or Blue River, which rises in Abyssinia; and, after a large circuit to the south-east and south-west, in the course of which it passes through the lake of Dembea, it flows northward to join the White River. This Abyssinian branch has, in modern times, been regarded as the real Nile, although the White River is by far the largest and longest, and was anciently considered as the true Nile. The junction takes place about lat. 16° north. From this point the river flows in a northerly direction, with the exception of one large bend to the west. It receives the Tacazze, a large stream from Abyssinia, and, after passing through Nubia, it enters Egypt at the cataracts near Syene or Esouan; which are formed by



a chain of rocks stretching east and west. There are three falls, after which the river pursues its course, in still and silent majesty, through the whole length of Egypt. In Lower Egypt it divides into several branches, about forty or fifty miles from the sea-coast, which form with the latter a triangle, the base of which is the sea-coast: and having thus the shape of the Greek letter *della* ( $\Delta$ ), this part of Egypt anciently received the name of the Delta, which it has retained ever since. The whole physical and political existence of Egypt may be said to depend on the Nile; for in this country, where rain is almost unknown, without the Nile, and also without its regular annual inundations, the whole land would be a desert. Its water, after being filtered, is acknowledged by all travellers, ancient and modern, to be peculiarly sweet and even delicious; hence we may form some idea of the nature of that afflictive judgment by which the waters were turned into blood (Exod. vii. 17-21.) The inundations of the Nile are caused by regular periodical rains in the countries further south, around the sources of the river, in March and later. The river begins to rise in Egypt about the middle of June, and continues to increase through the month of July. In August it overflows its banks, and reaches the highest point early in September. The whole land is then generally under water. In the beginning of October the inundation still continues; and it is only towards the end of this month that the stream returns within its banks. From the middle of August till towards the end of October, the whole land of Egypt resembles a vast lake or sea, in which the towns and cities appear as islands. This inundation appears to be referred to in Amos viii. 8, and ix. 5. The fertility which the Nile thus imparts to the soil is caused not only by its irrigation of the land, but also by the thick slimy mud which its waters bring down with them and deposit thereon. It is like a coat of rich manure; and the seed, being sown immediately upon it, without digging or ploughing, springs up rapidly, grows with luxuriance, and ripens into abundance. By means of canals and trenches, the whole adjacent regions receive the benefit of these floods; and, in order to raise the water to the high grounds, machines have been used in Egypt from time immemorial. These are chiefly wheels to which baskets are attached: one kind is turned by oxen; and another smaller sort, by men treading upon them. To this last mode of raising water there appears to be an allusion in Deut. xi. 10. The history of Egypt abounds with records of distress and famine, caused by the failure of this inundation; and the prophets denounced this calamity as a punishment upon the Egyptians (Isa. xix. 5, 6, Ezek. xxx. 12). As the inundations of the Nile are of so much importance to the whole land, columns have ever been erected, on which the beginning and progress of its rise might be observed. These are called *Nilometers*; that is, measurers of the Nile. At present, there is one on the little island of Roda, opposite to Cairo, which is under the care of government: it consists of a square well or chamber, in the centre of which is a graduated pillar for the purpose of ascertaining the daily rise of the Nile. This is proclaimed every morning in the streets of the capital by four criers; to each of whom a portion of the city is assigned. If the inundation reaches the height of twenty-two feet, a rich harvest is expected, because then all the fields have received the requisite irrigation. If it falls short of this height, and in proportion as it thus falls short,

the land is threatened with want and famine, of which many horrible examples occur in Egyptian history: should the rise of the water exceed twenty-eight feet, a famine is in like manner feared. The opening of the canal which carries the water to Cairo generally takes place during the first fortnight in August; and, the night previous, festivities of all kinds commence on the river in front of its mouth, and are continued until daybreak. The signal for cutting the dam is given by the *kiaia*, or deputy of the pasha; and money is sparingly thrown into its bed, and eagerly scrambled for by the peasants (sometimes with loss of life by drowning) in the falling stream of the canal. The Hebrews sometimes give the appellation of sea to the Nile, as well as to the river Euphrates (Isaiah, xix. 5. Nahum, iii. 8.): in this they are borne out by the Arabic writers, who speak of the Nile as a sea. The Nile is also to the present day celebrated for its fish. (Compare Numb. xi. 5, and Isa. xix. 8.) In its waters are found the crocodile or leviathan, and the hippopotamus or behemoth. The Pyramids, which are seen in the back ground of our engraving, are those of Gêezeh, Ghizeh, or Djizeh (as the name is variously written), a village about ten miles distant from Cairo, when the Nile is low; but, when the inundation is at its height, a very circuitous route becomes necessary, and the distance is not less than twenty miles. The two largest are nearly of equal height, but the third is considerably smaller. These extraordinary structures, which are little short of three thousand years old, and which promise to last until the end of time, are supposed to have combined the twofold object of a sepulchre and an observatory. On a first view of them, the traveller feels much disappointed: as they stand in the midst of a flat and boundless desert, and as there is no elevation near with which to contrast them, it is not easy to form a conception of their real magnitude, until, after repeated visits and observations, their vast size fills the mind with astonishment.

We must protest against the binding of the volume, which is so close and tight that it is difficult to open the book, to keep it open for a moment, or to get at the titles of the plates.

*Twelve Months in the British Legion.* By an Officer of the Ninth Regiment. 8vo. pp. 303. London, 1836. Macrone.

PEOPLE comment of the present, as Horace Walpole did of his day, "that there is no such thing as an adventure, for every thing has done happening." There is no rule without an exception; and Spain is, just now, the exception. There, a little fighting, and a few difficulties, are still to be had; it must be confessed that we make the most of them. A young officer says of his campaign, as Dr. Syntax did of his tour, "I'll make it first, and then I'll write it." The Carlists and the Christinos are quite familiar to the reading public. The present volume is lively; written, obviously, by a young man; and is very pleasant reading. Witness the following miscellaneous collection:

*Domestic Life, or a Spanish Day.*—"I and another officer of the same regiment were lodged in the Calle Mayor, one of the best streets in the town, at the house of an old widow lady who had two daughters, one about twenty, and the other, fifteen; both pretty, and good-tempered. They generally rose at about eight or nine o'clock, making a slight breakfast of toast and chocolate, served up in small earthen cups, little bigger than thimbles, which, without any of the form and ceremony of an English break-

fast, was discussed, standing or sitting, or walking from one room to another, as their business might lead them. After this, the old lady retired to her room, while her daughters worked in the sala, embroidering a new mantilla, and hearing me read aloud a page or two of Gil Blas, or Don Quixote. At one, the family sat down to dinner, which was something in the French style, though, perhaps, more frugal: consisting chiefly of a little fish, with beans and peas, cooked in divers ways; after which the embroidery and the Gil Blas were continued, as before, until the cool of the evening, when the girls sallied forth to the paseo, or the great square, in all the splendour of flowing mantillas and fluttering fans. At ten, the supper was served, being, in fact, a second dinner; and, exactly as the clock struck eleven, the whole family rose, and bid us "*Buenas noches*."

*Soldiers' Wives.*—"It was with feelings of the greatest joy and satisfaction that I rejoined my regiment, after more than a month's absence; for I was weary of looking after the *impedimenta*, and being pestered with the eternal complaints and quarrels of soldiers' wives. The specimens of the British 'fair sex,' brought over by the Legion, were, certainly, not calculated to impress the Spaniards with high notions of our female beauty; and their tattered appearance, with dirty straw bonnets and blowy mob-caps, was enough to astonish the trim señoras, and put into their mouths the often-repeated question, 'whether all women in England were like these?' The tribes of shoeless Moll Flaggons, from the Green Isle, who came over with our Irish regiments, are past all description; and the figure they cut in the rear of a battalion on the march, with a pyramid of babes of their backs, and a couple trotting on each side, was singularly marvellous in the eyes of the natives, who, at last, looked upon them as a regular and necessary adjunct to the British Legion, or as a supernumerary company of wives and washerwomen to each regiment. How the numbers that came up with the convoy contrived to subsist on the march, I never could divine; for, as their presence with the troops at that period was contrary to orders, they were allowed no rations, and were totally without money, having had no opportunity of receiving any from their husbands for the last six weeks. And yet, they trudged along, through dust and mire, in fair weather and in foul, for many a weary league, with light hearts and red cheeks, bidding defiance alike to the orders of the general and the accumulating hardships of the road, until they had the satisfaction of passing the gates of Vittoria."

*Description of Cordova.*—"It was during our stay at Ilaraza that I had an opportunity of seeing Cordova, who frequently rode through the village with his staff, to visit the outposts, and reconnoitre the country. On one occasion he dismounted for a quarter of an hour in front of the Palacio; and, curious to have a closer view of the Spanish god of war, I mingled in the crowd of officers standing a few paces apart, and beheld the victor of Arlaban. He was a small, slightly made man, stooping somewhat in the shoulders, and with a face expressive of nothing save a look of languid discontent, to which a sharp twinkling eye gave the characteristic air of a Jew clothes-dealer. His gait and manners were slow and sauntering, and impressed the spectator with the idea of a man shattered with disease, or enervated by dissipation. His dress, on the three occasions that I happened to view him minutely, was uncouth and slovenly, consisting of a long brown

redingote, that, by its want of shape and fit, reminded me of Paganini's, and a scarlet cloth waistcoat, closely buttoned to the chin by a single row of gilt buttons; a small cocked-hat, stuck on one side of the head, with a cockade, expressive of the loyalty wanting in his heart; and a pair of worsted hose or leggings strapped below the knee, with large silver spurs buckled on the heels. When I first saw him at Har-rara, he wore a regulation sword of the British Legion, but afterwards used one of different manufacture. The red waistcoat, however, seemed to be a great favourite, as he seldom appeared without it, even on grand occasions. He wears no beard nor whiskers, but indulges in a pair of stunted mustachios on the upper lip, which adds to the expression of languid melancholy predominant in his countenance. In a word, see Luis Fernandez de Cordova in a crowd, without knowing him to be the Duke of Mendigorría and Count of Arlaban, and he would be taken for a sickly attorney or a discontented tailor. Profligate in his manners, and destitute of talents as a soldier, he possesses no one moral quality except a restless ambition, backed by a species of intriguing cunning in which any diplomatic *ataché* would be his match. Hated by most of his generals, who upbraid him with the want of mere personal courage, he is looked upon by the army, as a man who, to gain his own dirty ends, is ready to betray them into the hands of the enemy, and who, by virtue of his rank and exalted position, is carrying on a traffic in the flesh and blood of his soldiers, to make an accommodation with the enemies of his sovereign, and preserve his rank and influence in the country. The command that he possesses over the weak and misguided woman at the head of the government is so great, that he is frequently spoken of as the successor of Munoz, whenever God, or an assassin, please to take him from the world; and his known hostility to liberalism points him out as not without influence in the ranks of the Carlist party. Thus, let affairs turn out as they may, it is a matter of small concern to the hero of Mendigorría, who plays the cards of each party, and laughs at both. The opinions here put forward on the character and honesty of Cordova are shared by nine tenths of the honest liberals in Spain. Let his conduct since his appointment to the chief command be examined, and no man possessed of a grain of common sense can acquit him either of treachery or incapacity. Has he met the enemy on equal terms?—a retreat has been the consequence. Has an advantage been gained?—he has refused to follow it up. His first advance upon Arlaban was signalled by a retreat, which appeared to have no object but to betray the Legion into the hands of the enemy. His second, in which he appears to have beaten the enemy on several points, was suddenly terminated by an invitation to a ball at Madrid, and that at a time when the success of the auxiliaries in the north required a push to be made on all sides to improve the advantage. Returned from Madrid, his first object was to set on foot a marriage between the young queen and the son of Don Carlos—a proposal which, when it was rejected by the winning party, has vainly been attempted to be passed off as a false report. The only ministry which was calculated to benefit the country he has contrived to upset; and now he and Istritz go hand in hand in the task of securing the regeneration of Spain."

**Spanish Corporal Punishment.**—"It was during my stay at Trevino that I witnessed an instance of corporal punishment among the

Spanish troops. I was looking out of my window one morning, and saw in a field, at some distance, two or three companies of Spanish infantry drawn up in line. From their situation, and the silence that pervaded the men, I suspected what was going forward, and watched to see the event. Presently the drummer stepped forward, and laying his drum on the ground in front of the line, a couple of soldiers, who were standing apart from the rest, proceeded to take off their accoutrements, and knelt down, with their coats on, by the side of the drum. Upon this, about half-a-dozen men fell out with short sticks in their hands, and advancing one by one, inflicted five or six strokes a-piece between the shoulders of the culprits, who, after the operation was over, very coolly got up, put on their belts, and returned to their places in the ranks. The blows, though few in number, were given pretty smartly, as I distinctly heard them from a considerable distance; and when one of the men did not strike hard enough, I saw the officer go up and give him a cuff on the head to make him 'do his duty.'

**Narrow Escape.**—"Among the escapes and adventures of the day, that of Lieutenant O'Connor, of our regiment, was one of the most singular. Seeing a number of Spaniards in disorder, he mistook them for Chapelgorris, and ran up to rally them, when he found that he had tumbled into the hands of the Carlists. A musket snapped in his face and a bayonet at his breast informed him of his awkward mistake. Parrying the latter with his fist, he struck right and left in the approved style of pugilism, and flooring both his antagonists, who were considerably astonished at this novel mode of conducting the battles of the queen, he took to his heels, and being a first-rate leaper, cleared walls and ditches, and rejoined his regiment with the loss of his hat, sword, and cloak, which had fallen in the scuffle. This interesting match was witnessed by the old Spanish governor at the castle, who viewing the action through a telescope, declared that he saw a British officer, attacked by two Carlists, liberate himself 'boxando.'"

**A luxurious Bivouac.**—"The room in which I and my captain were quartered would have presented a strange spectacle to a man suddenly transplanted from the haunts of civilised society. The walls were whitewashed, and the little square windows which, through the exertion of some interest and ingenuity, we had preserved from being bricked up, boasted of nothing but a pair of rickety window frames, the glass of which had long since departed. At one end of the room, in a dark alcove, was our straw, and at another stood a long bench, a three-legged chair, saved from the burning of the picquet fire, and a rude oaken table, covered with bottles of wine, pipkins of water, and a rabble-ron of hair-brushes, shoe-brushes, tooth-brushes, tins of blacking, scraps of bread, rations of beef, and bunches of odoriferous onions for the soup. In one corner reclined a couple of loaded muskets for the benefit of the Carlists, and round the walls were hung jackets, cartridges, telescopes, and pantaloons. Our *batterie de cuisine* consisted of a frying-pan, one noseless jug, and an earthen bowl, that served the manifold purposes of cup and saucer, washing basin, and soup-tureen. I had no idea that any European country could send forth such plagues of vermin as tormented us in this convent. Nightly, as we were dropping off to sleep, a whole battalion of Carlist fleas sallied forth from their nooks and hiding-places to lay waste and destroy the profoundest slumber, while the unhappy victims scratched and

groaned, and groaned and scratched in wretched restlessness till morning, when their limbs were found covered with white blotches as big as sixpences, which gradually subsiding into little red freckles, gave the whole body an appearance of being smitten with measles or small-pox."

Our author is very warm in his political principles, but with them we have nothing to do; we only congratulate him on his safe return, and his amusing volume.

**Caius Marius, the Plebeian Consul: a Historical Tragedy.** By Thomas Doubleday. London, 1836. Macrone.

"CAIUS MARIUS" has lain on our library-table for some weeks. During this time we have not been deliberating what vacant niche in the temple of fame we shall assign to the author, nor have we hesitated as to what class of our dramatic writers we should append him. Our silence has proceeded from the impossibility to speak well of his production; or, indeed, of touching it at all, unless to exhibit its poverty of conception, and weakness of execution; but, as the season is slipping away, and our table must be cleared of its accumulation of rubbish, we may as well begin the labour with a tragedy, which, following our author, may, after all, prove a farce.

At that ancient period when all taste and propriety had not yet deserted the English stage; when English literature was in a healthy and unplethoric state; when beaux wore wigs, and belles ensconced themselves in hoops; every one who felt, or fancied he felt, the inspiration of the muse, answered her call with an epic or a tragedy. In those days Johnson trudged to London with "Irene" in one pocket, and little plenty in the shape of few pence in the other; and he was neither the first nor the last who performed the same pilgrimage under similar circumstances. Considering that horses and monkeys had not yet usurped the place of tragedy and comedy, the expectations of fame in which such unfiled poets indulged were not altogether visionary; wit and genius generally succeeded, and ignorance and absurdity have revenged themselves for the contempt they experienced then by the despotic power they now exercise. Tragedy, and epics, and satire, however, had their day: the former declined until at this moment it yields in the contest to spectacles and French operas; the latter were succeeded by the lachrymose school of poetry which takes its subjects, indifferently, from fancy-fairs, ladies' tears, roses and posies, jewellers' shops, or autumnal leaves.

In this desperate state of things, Mr. Doubleday steps forward to raise the drooping genius of the drama, by constructing a tragedy calculated to allure the public by its resemblance to those ingenious productions of the scene-painter known as moving panoramas; a tragedy which should be equally well understood whether it were represented in dumb-show, or played *ad vocem*. For an explanation of this amusing novelty in dramatic composition, we must refer our readers to his Preface: with the intention of the work we have no concern; our only duty is to shew how far the author has succeeded in producing a "historical tragedy." By the advice, it appears, of Mr. Kern, he fixed upon Caius Marius for the hero of his performance. "I could see no 'impracticability,' and, moreover, many fine points in the history, personal and mental, of the rough but great Roman, as a subject for a historical tragic drama of the English school." We can scarcely imagine how the writer, setting out

with the magnificent design just alluded to, could suppose that his tragedy would at any time sink to the level of the "English school;" notwithstanding his evident modesty, we can assure him, that he has exhibited a model of composition which will henceforth be known as the first of the "Doubleday school." But to return to Caius: the only impracticability, or rather difficulty, we can perceive, is one that might have been of consequence to some people, although our author appears to have overlooked it—the difficulty of doing justice to the character. It is a great misfortune that no writer can make his hero cleverer than himself: the one naturally becomes a mere reflection of the other—a reflection bright or dim in proportion to the mind that originates it; and we regret to say that the difference between the Marius of Rome, and the Marius of Mr. Doubleday, is sufficiently great to obliterate all resemblance. Keen probably considered the character of the mighty demagogue as peculiarly fitted for the exhibition of those passions of which he was the masterly delineator, and he was right; but, as the force and effects of those passions were not to be developed by the panoramic or dumb-show style of composition, Mr. Doubleday has carefully avoided them. There is also another trifling difficulty attending the selection of a personage of so remote a date as the hero of this piece. To draw an accurate portraiture of any historical character, requires an intimate knowledge, not merely of his own individual disposition, but the influence exercised upon it by contemporary persons and events; while the author, unless he have accustomed himself to think, and we had almost said to speak, as they did in the time of which he writes, is perpetually confounding the opinions and customs of to-day with those of a distant age. The knowledge requisite to avoid this shoal is not to be got up for the occasion: always rare, it becomes more so every year that passes; and the absence of it in many works, otherwise of considerable merit, is a constant source of the ridiculous. The heroes and heroines of Voltaire and his contemporaries, be they Greeks, Romans, or Chinese, invariably smack of powder and Versailles, notwithstanding the art, sometimes degenerating into pedantry, employed to produce a just effect. The same remark, applicable, under other circumstances, to many of our earlier and later dramatists, falls short of Shakespeare; he seized only salient points; he drew the feelings, the thoughts, the passions common to all men in all ages: he attempted no more; and the powerful relief of his characters casts a shadow upon their accessories,—we behold a faithful and vigorous delineation of human nature belonging to no particular period, influenced by no particular customs, modes of opinion, or belief. This power, however, of forming an abstract of excellence is so rare, that we are seldom in the habit of requiring or expecting it; but then we seek something to compensate as much as possible for its absence: such trifling matters as unity of purpose; propriety; a skillful, not a distorted, alteration of facts and events; a harmonious blending of the different parts; and, last, though not the least, something that may be called poetry—an imagination vigorous, equal, and unfrenzied—a language and style not far removed from English.

Passing over the plot of Mr. D.'s tragedy, which has no more claim to the title of historical than a skeleton has to be called a living subject, we may observe of its principal characters, that Marius and his son are feeble bullies; Sylla is a pure travesty of the

original; Ctesiphon, the Greek sophist, an awkward copy of a similar character in Lockhart's "Valerius;" and, in pity rather than in anger, we dismiss the rest, and hasten to exemplify our preceding remarks upon propriety, &c. by a few extracts. Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage, was too fine a subject for the writer and scene-painter to be neglected, more especially in a panoramic piece; accordingly, the scene, as described, offered great capabilities to the pencil of Stanfield or Grieve, "The ruins of Carthage; the ocean in the distance; the moon rising." Enter the emissaries of Sylla, who announce their purpose as follows:—

*First Citizen.* "Amid this labyrinth of ruin'd walls  
'Tis thought he lurks; and watches, in his turn,  
With the hyæna and the haggard wolf,  
The setting orb of day—meeting the morn,  
Like them, with blood-shot eye; here hoping aid  
From far, but restless, friends. To lure him hence  
Were half a miracle.

*Tubero.* We'll venture for't.  
There is an old and ocean-cradled air—  
'Tis said a wafture from this Carthage here—  
Which, as a signal, the rude seamen sing  
Along the Thracian coasts; wild as the waves  
And rocks, to which 'tis kin. To Marius' ear  
'Twas common from a child; and when in rage,  
Like one that's stung by the tarantula,  
I've seen it draw the venom from his breast  
With a most healing music. That wild strain  
I have set some to chorus from the sea.  
Haply, 'twill draw him forth, sounding like signal  
Of friends upon the main."

The stratagem, which forcibly reminds us of an Indian juggler charming a snake from its hole, succeeds; but the author has not condescended to explain how Marius, who was born at Arpinum, or Abruzzo, could have been so familiar in his childhood with a song peculiar to the Thracian coast, which, unless we are greatly mistaken, is not exactly to the west of Italy: this little slip, however, is atoned for by the sublimity of Marius taking his turn with the hyæna and wolf, to watch the setting sun: no wonder that he and his kind friends found their eyes rather weak in the morning; it would have been surprising had they been otherwise. We recollect nothing that can bear comparison with this. Mr. Doubleday, moreover, contrives to make a double use of the moon; Marius, in the course of a soliloquy on the Thracian song, which occupies two pages, is kind enough to request the moon to assist his supposed friends.

"And thou, Moon,  
Shine, like some Pharos, on these mouldering towers,  
Gild each green wave that ripples past their prow,  
And with thy beam pilot and point their course  
As with a silver wand."

It must be confessed, that the idea of *gilding* a green wave with a *silver* wand is, at least, novel; but we are of those who have long considered that the properties of the moon are but imperfectly known: after this important addition to our data, we shall be happy to reckon Mr. Doubleday as one of our number. We are also told that the "swarthy senate" of Carthage was "dark as wintry waves." These delightful similes are so frequent, that we can do little more than allude to them; other more important matters demand attention. Hitherto we imagined that the Romans swore by their gods, earth, air, water, &c.; but we were deceived. How delighted our defunct friend, Commodore Truncheon, would have been to find that the great Marius was in the habit of using his own favourite expletive.

*Marius.* "I'll perish on this rocky heart  
Of Rome, ere budge one inch to Sylla. 'S'life!  
Is order sent to bid Cecilius  
Bring in his cohorts!"

It is really pleasant to find, that the great general was too well-bred to use such vulgar and senseless phrases as "by Hercules!" "by Jove!" &c.; and that he substituted, in their

stead, such an elegant, expressive, and sensible exclamation—"s'life!" 'Twas truly grand and worthy of him. How much dignity the Latin form of it would give to his admirable speech to the Roman people, recorded by Sallust! Look to this, Mr. Allen, in your next edition. A very great defect is to be observed in the majority of poets—vagueness; they are generally averse to all detail. Mr. Doubleday, however, soars above his fellows, and is particular, to a nicety—*homo ad unguem*. A flying soldier tells Marius—

"The senate hath  
Gold unto him or them, shall bring you in  
Dead or alive!"

How perfect is the specification here! no room for a quibble—"thee and thine," "him or them," "dead or alive!" That soldier had been a lawyer's clerk in his youth. Who could doubt it?

Having given our readers a few specimens of Mr. D.'s poetry, his familiar acquaintance with Marius and his times, with Roman manners and forms of speech, we cannot conclude this article without complimenting that gentleman upon his successful use of numerous ancient and forgotten words. It is quite as ridiculous to assert, that a house built of old stones is not ancient, as to say, that a poem crammed with old words does not breathe an antique vigour and spirit. Such expressions as, "or an if thou wilt," "guerdon," "re-guerdon" (the last used exclusively by Chaucer and Shakespeare), "marry," "plebeian of the plebes," "lord consul," &c. &c. have a very fine effect. To be sure, some may not understand them; so much the better for the author's reputation.

We shall be glad to meet Mr. Doubleday again, or far rather that he would abandon the tragic sock, and be himself in entertaining prose, so that we might be amused. He appears to have suspected that his performance was mere "tig and terry." We cordially agree with him.

As we are on the theme of dramatic publications, we may as well wipe off our debt to a few more, which have accumulated on our table. *Antonio Fecorini* is a historical drama, is founded on a romantic and tragical event in the annals of Venice; and does not challenge high literary praise. *Philo*, a tragedy, is declared to be published "but to satisfy the author's caprice;" and we trust it has succeeded. It thus opens:—

*Phil.* Rav'ing, tearing, all so mad! Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!

She's coming—she's coming, the beautiful Lucrètia.  
How gay! how nimbly she moves! how scrapp-like!  
How angelic! upon my word, beauty has charms.  
Oh! my poor heart, how it aches!  
I'm distracted! madly distracted!  
Tears dim my eyes, and beauty blinds them.  
Lucrètia! Lucrètia! by my soul within, I love you—  
Love you to distraction! Why daily? Why trifle with me?"

It is all of a piece: one fellow, called Guivus, says, in act iv.,

"You trembling cowards, who forsook their master—  
You receive pay—you're not fit to stop a tame rat.  
Never will I hire you more.  
I'm not dead yet."

*Titus Vespasian*, by Dr. James Ford, author of "Zenobia"—a sensible composition, with some good thoughts and lines; but altogether only a so-so drama, from the Italian of Metastasio. *Adèle*, two copies from the island of Trinidad. The piece is from the German of Mülner, by a Major Capadose, and quite a literary curiosity. With an introduction of niggers and nigger-slang and manners, besides its other absurdities, it might recommend itself to the present tastes of the Surrey or Drury Lane. *The Daisymen*. There are some spirited passages in this play, which is modelled on the German school. If a young writer, we should infer the possession

\* See Dr. Johnson *passim*, on "Tigranes and Teribazus," too much tig and terry.  
1 Lond., E. Ball. 2 Lond., Baldwin and Cradock; Nottingham, Hicklin and Co. 3 Edin., J. Anderson, Jun.; Lond., Simpkin and Marshall. 4 Trinidad, Mills and Stewart. 5 Lond., J. Ridgway.



of talent, though requiring both cultivation and discipline. There are six acts; one in, we suppose, to make a good bargain.

*A Selection of Games at Chess, actually played in London by the late Alexander M'Donnell, Esq., the best English Player, with his principal Contemporaries. Selected and arranged by William Greenwood Walker, Honorary Secretary to the Westminster Chess Club. 8vo. pp. 277. London, 1836. Hurst.*

We think the admirers of the beautiful and scientific game of chess are increasing—we are sure they ought to be. The excitement which it creates is so wholly independent of any gamester's feeling; the abstraction which it causes is so favourable to deep study and reflection, that we cannot wonder at the veneration, almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which its votaries regard this noble game. We are ourselves very low down in the scientific scale, but must own we take great delight, now and then, in measuring our strength (or, perhaps, weakness), against a casual comer, entering heart and soul into the contest, and rejoicing in a victory, or being disturbed by a defeat, with as much intensity as if we were more powerful adversaries. The Messrs. Walker, one of whom ushers this publication into the world, have long been known as devotedly attached to this science, and we feel greatly indebted to the editor for this selection of games. We must admit that we cannot help finding it a little irksome to follow a beaten path of move after move, in some of the long games here set down: but much is to be learned by this plan, more especially for the first ten or twelve moves on each side; and we have played over several of Mr. M'Donnell's contests with M. de la Bourdonnais with great satisfaction to ourselves. Still, the inability always to comprehend the motive of particular sacrifices, makes us fancy, if such a piece had not been given up, the result of the game might have been different. This observation more particularly applies to the capture of the king's knight, which Mr. M'Donnell often gives away in playing the gambit, without, to our humble comprehension, an adequate motive.

The work itself consists of a great variety of games played by the late Mr. M'Donnell with various gentlemen, to whom he respectively gives the odds of the rook, of the knight, and of the pawn, with one or two moves of a few games which he played blindfolded, and of several matches which he played with M. de la Bourdonnais. It is pleasant to note his contests with the great French chieftain; and, although the first twenty-one games end much to Mr. M'Donnell's disadvantage, he winning six of them only—yet by continuing to oppose this redoubtable adversary, he finishes by playing very nearly his equal, the last fifty games being divided into twenty-four for our countryman, and twenty-six for M. de la Bourdonnais, besides nine drawn games.

The publication of these games will, we trust, do the cause of chess some service. We feel highly obliged to Mr. Walker for their production; and, wishing him and the Westminster Chess Club all manner of prosperity, beg to recommend the trial of these scientific combinations to every amateur.

*Washington Irving's Astoria.*

(Second notice.)

WE must pay the best compliment that could be paid to these charming volumes, by continuing our extracts without a comment:—

*The Indian Chief, the Blackbird.*—"He was one of the first among the Indian chiefs on

the Missouri to deal with the white traders, and shewed great sagacity in levying his royal dues. When a trader arrived in his village, he caused all his goods to be brought into his lodge and opened. From these he selected whatever suited his sovereign pleasure—blankets, tobacco, whisky, powder, ball, beads, and red paint; and laid the articles on one side, without deigning to give any compensation. Then calling to him his herald or crier, he would order him to mount on top of the lodge, and summon all the tribe to bring in their peltries, and trade with the white man. The lodge would soon be crowded with Indians, bringing bear, beaver, otter, and other skins. No one was allowed to dispute the prices fixed by the white trader upon his articles, who took care to indemnify himself five times over for the goods set apart by the chief. In this way the Blackbird enriched himself, and enriched the white men, and became exceedingly popular among the traders of the Missouri. His people, however, were not equally satisfied, by a regulation of trade which worked so manifestly against them, and began to shew signs of discontent. Upon this, a crafty and unprincipled trader revealed a secret to the Blackbird, by which he might acquire unbought sway over his ignorant and superstitious subjects. He instructed him in the poisonous qualities of arsenic, and furnished him with an ample supply of that baneful drug. From this time, the Blackbird seemed endowed with supernatural powers—to possess the gift of prophecy, and to hold the disposal of life and death within his hands. Wo to any one, who questioned his authority, or dared to dispute his commands! The Blackbird prophesied his death within a certain time, and he had the secret means of verifying his prophecy. Within the fated period, the offender was smitten with strange and sudden disease, and perished from the face of the earth. Every one stood aghast at these multiplied examples of his superhuman might, and dreaded to displease so omnipotent and vindictive a being; and the Blackbird enjoyed a wide and undisputed sway. It was not, however, by terror alone that he ruled his people; he was a warrior of the first order, and his exploits in arms were the theme of young and old. His career had begun by hardships, having been taken prisoner by the Sioux in early youth. Under his command, the Omahas obtained great character for military prowess; nor did he permit an insult or injury to one of his tribe to pass unrevenge. The Pawnee republicans had inflicted a gross indignity on a favourite and distinguished Omaha brave. The Blackbird assembled his warriors—led them against the Pawnee town—attacked it with irresistible fury—slaughtered a great number of its inhabitants—and burned it to the ground.

He waged fierce and bloody war against the Ottos for many years, until peace was effected between them by the mediation of the whites. Fearless in battle, and fond of signalling himself, he dazzled his followers by his daring acts. In attacking a Kanza village, he rode singly round it, loading and discharging his rifle at the inhabitants as he galloped past them. He kept up in war the same idea of mysterious and supernatural power. At one time, when pursuing a war party by their tracks across the prairies, he repeatedly discharged his rifle into the prints made by their feet and by the hoofs of their horses, assuring his followers, that he would thereby cripple the fugitives, so that they would easily be overtaken. He, in fact, did overtake them, and destroyed them almost to a man; and his victory was considered miracu-

lous both by friend and foe. By these, and similar exploits, he made himself the pride and boast of his people, and became popular among them, notwithstanding his death-denouncing fiat. With all his savage and terrific qualities, he was sensible of the power of female beauty, and capable of love. A war-party of the Poncas had made a foray into the lands of the Omahas, and carried off a number of women and horses. The Blackbird was roused to fury, and took the field with all his braves, swearing to "eat up the Ponca nation,"—the Indian threat of exterminating war. The Poncas, sorely pressed, took refuge behind a rude bulwark of earth; but the Blackbird kept up so galling a fire, that he seemed likely to execute his menace. In their extremity, they sent forth a herald, bearing the calumet, or pipe of peace, but he was shot down, by order of the Blackbird. Another herald was sent forth in a similar guise, but he shared a like fate. The Ponca chief, then, as a last hope, arrayed his beautiful daughter in her finest ornaments, and sent her forth with a calumet, to sue for peace. The charms of the Indian maid touched the stern heart of the Blackbird; he accepted the pipe at her hand, smoked it, and from that time, a peace took place between the Poncas and the Omahas. This beautiful damsel, in all probability, was the favourite wife whose fate makes so tragic an incident in the story of the Blackbird. Her youth and beauty had gained an absolute sway over his rugged heart, so that he distinguished her above all his other wives. The habitual gratification of his vindictive impulses, however, had taken away from him all mastery over his passions, and rendered him liable to the most furious transports of rage. In one of these, his beautiful wife had the misfortune to offend him, when, suddenly drawing his knife, he laid her dead at his feet with a single blow. In an instant his frenzy was at an end. He gazed for a time in mute bewilderment upon his victim; then, drawing his buffalo robe over his head, he sat down beside the corpse, and remained brooding over his crime and his loss. Three days elapsed, yet the chief continued silent and motionless—tasting no food, and apparently sleepless. It was apprehended that he intended to starve himself to death; his people approached him in trembling awe, and entreated him once more to uncover his face and be comforted; but he remained unmoved. At length one of his warriors brought in a small child, and, laying it on the ground, placed the foot of the Blackbird upon its neck. The heart of the gloomy savage was touched by this appeal: he threw aside his robe; made an harangue upon what he had done; and, from that time forward, seemed to have thrown the load of grief and remorse from his mind."

*The Crows.*—"The tribe consists of four bands, which have their nesting places in fertile, well wooded valleys, lying among the rocky mountains, and watered by the Big Horse river and its tributary streams; but, though these are properly their homes, where they shelter their old people, their wives, and their children, the men of the tribe are almost continually on the foray and the scamper. They are, in fact, notorious marauders and horsestealers; crossing and recrossing the mountains, robbing on the one side, and conveying their spoils to the other. Hence, we are told, is derived their name, given to them on account of their unsettled and predatory habits; winging their flight, like the crows, from one side of the mountains to the other, and making free booty of every thing that lies in their way. Horrors,

however, are the especial objects of their depredations; and their skill and audacity in stealing them are said to be astonishing. This is their glory and delight; an accomplished horsestealer fills up their idea of a hero."

**The Black Hills and Thunder Spirits.**—"The black hills are chiefly composed of sandstone, and, in many places, are broken into savage cliffs and precipices, and present the most singular and fantastic forms; sometimes resembling towns and castellated fortresses. The ignorant inhabitants of plains are prone to clothe the mountains that bound their horizon with fanciful and superstitious attributes. Thus the wandering tribes of the prairies, who often behold clouds gathering round the summits of these hills, and lightning flashing, and thunder pealing from them, when all the neighbouring plains are serene and sunny, consider them the abode of the genii or thunder-spirits, who fabricate storms and tempests. On entering their defiles, therefore, they often hang offerings on the trees, or place them on the rocks, to propitiate the invisible 'lords of the mountains,' and procure good weather and successful hunting; and they attach unusual significance to the echoes which haunt the precipices. This superstition may also have arisen, in part, from a natural phenomenon of a singular nature. In the most calm and serene weather, and at all times of the day or night, successive reports are now and then heard among these mountains, resembling the discharge of several pieces of artillery. Similar reports were heard by Messrs. Lewis and Clarke in the rocky mountains, which, they say, were attributed by the Indians to the bursting of the rich mines of silver contained in the bosom of the mountains. In fact, these singular explosions have received fanciful explanations from learned men, and have not been satisfactorily accounted for even by philosophers. They are said to occur frequently in Brazil. Vasconcelles, a Jesuit father, describes one which he heard in the Sierra, or mountain region of Piratinanga, and which he compares to the discharges of a park of artillery. The Indians told him that it was an explosion of stones. The worthy father had soon a satisfactory proof of the truth of their information, for the very place was found where a rock had burst and exploded from its entrails a stony mass, like a bomb-shell, and of the size of a bull's heart. This mass was broken either in its ejection or its fall, and wonderful was the internal organisation revealed. It had a shell harder even than iron; within which were arranged, like the seeds of a pomegranate, jewels of various colours; some transparent as crystal; others of a fine red, and others of mixed hues."

**Point of Honour with a Bear.**—"While on this theme we will add another anecdote of an adventure with a grizzly bear, told of John Day, the Kentucky hunter, but which happened at a different period of the expedition. Day was hunting in company with one of the clerks of the company, a lively youngster, who was a great favourite with the veteran, but whose vivacity he had continually to keep in check. They were in search of deer, when suddenly a huge grizzly bear emerged from a thicket, about thirty yards distant, rearing himself upon his hind legs with a terrific growl, and displaying a hideous array of teeth and claws. The rifle of the young man was levelled in an instant; but John Day's iron hand was quickly upon his arm. "Be quiet, boy! be quiet!" exclaimed the hunter, between his clenched teeth, and without turning his

eyes from the bear. They remained motionless. The monster regarded them for a time, then, lowering himself on his fore-paws, slowly withdrew. He had not gone many paces before he again turned, reared himself on his hind legs, and repeated his menace. Day's hand was still on the arm of his young companion; he again pressed it hard, and kept repeating between his teeth, "Quiet, boy!—keep quiet!—keep quiet!"—though the latter had not made a move since his first prohibition. The bear again lowered himself on all fours, retreated some twenty yards further, and again turned, reared, shewed his teeth, and growled. This third menace was too much for the game spirit of John Day. "By Jove!" exclaimed he, "I can stand this no longer;" and in an instant a ball from his rifle whizzed into the foe. The wound was not mortal; but, luckily, it dismayed instead of enraging the animal, and he retreated into the thicket. Day's young companion reproached him for not practising the caution which he enjoined upon others. "Why, boy," replied the veteran, "caution is caution; but one must not put up with too much even from a bear. Would you have me suffer myself to be bullied all day by a varmint?"

**A worthy Successor for Ducrow.**—"The children are perfect imps on horseback. Among them was one so young, that he could not yet speak. He was tied on a colt of two years old; but managed the reins as if by instinct, and plied the whip with true Indian prodigality. Mr. Hunt inquired the age of this infant jockey, and was answered, that 'he had seen two winters.'"

(To be continued.)

**The Lords, the Government, and the Country, &c.** By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

WE so seldom notice politics, that even "second edition" would not tempt us to allude to this pamphlet, though it has made considerable noise in the political press, but that we desire to correct an error respecting the author into which we have been surprised to find many persons fall. In English history our most famous names are the Henrys and Edwards, but it would be very absurd to confound Henry IV. with Edward III., Longshanks with Beauclerc, or vice versa. Yet, notwithstanding the very different works which the brothers, Henry and Edward Lytton Bulwer, have given to the world, and notwithstanding the far-extended popularity of the novels written by the latter, it is strange that they should be so frequently confounded. Henry, the member for Marylebone, is the author of political and statistical works, the chief being "France and the French;" while to Edward, the member for Lincoln, we are indebted, besides such publications as "England and the English," for all that splendid series of fiction which include "Devereux," "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Disowned," "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," and many other celebrated productions. Having put this matter right, we shall only say of the present pamphlet, that it proposes to alter the British constitution, by forcing the Lords to coincide with the House of Commons, instead of acting as one of the three estates of the realm as a check and balance against the other two.

**Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1837.** By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton.

THIS pretty little volume will, we have no doubt, prove what in the Preface it is said

(though not very grammatically) to have been the endeavour of all parties connected with it to render it, "an attractive offering to the young, both with regard to its embellishments and literary matter." It contains a number of amusing and instructive stories, and some sweet and touching poetry. The prints harmonise perfectly with the text.

**The English Annual for 1836.** 8vo. pp. 360. London, Churton.

PRINTS and papers are alike selected from the *Court Magazine*; and we must confess that they do not appear to us at all worthy the elegant binding. The literary portion is below mediocrity, and the prints of a low order of art. It belongs to the cheap publications, which are little calculated to refine the taste, or exalt the characters of the Annuals.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**The Biblical Cabinet; or, Hermeneutical, Exegetical, and Philological Library.** Vol. XII. (Edinburgh, T. Clark).—This Volume of a very hard-named series, is the 2d of Dr. A. Gottreu Tholuck's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, translated by the Rev. R. Menzies, and a very learned and interesting work, well worthy the attention of biblical and philological scholars.

**The French Self-Instructor,** by D. Boileau. 12mo. pp. 363. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; J. Wacey).—Poor Boileau! even after his melancholy death, is of use to the student linguist. His excellent work on the French and German languages is here abridged, as confined to the former language; and fifty-two easy lessons serve to convey instruction of the best and clearest description to the learner.

**Select Plays from Shakespeare, adapted chiefly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons, &c.** (London, J. Stouck).—Though we never could approve of the mutilation of our immortal bard for any purpose, we cannot but express our satisfaction with this selection; giving us "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Richard III.," "King John," "Coriolanus," and "Julius Caesar," with so little of omission as hardly to be perceptible. Mr. Slater, the editor, has certainly produced a very excellent class-book.

**Analysis of the Bible, &c.,** by Montgomery Martin. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—A neat little book, in which the social duties of mankind are enforced by well-arranged references to Scriptural texts.

**Cobbett's Legacy to Peel.** (London, Cobbetts).—Another small volume of a very different description. It republishes six letters of Cobbett on the subjects of Reform, Ireland, the Church, &c. &c. &c., and shews much of the strong sense and shrewdness of the writer.

**The Grammatical Spelling-Book,** by Charles Wall. (London, Orr and Smith).—Beginning with the beginning, this is as useful as the common run of works of its class.

**Dissertations on the Duration of our Saviour's Ministry, &c.,** by Dr. Lant Carpenter. 8vo. pp. 176. (London, Longman and Co.; Bristol, Philip).—A portion of the able author's "Harmony, &c. of the Gospels," and eminently deserving of separate publication. A map and plans serve to illustrate the geographical position of the country where the Saviour laboured in his earthly vocation: the whole possesses high claims upon the consideration of Christians and scholars.

**Catechisms of the Currency and Exchange, &c.,** by John Taylor. Pp. 100. (London, Taylor and Walton).—A new and more comprehensive edition of a very useful publication. It is full of financial information, and a ready guide on the subjects of which it treats.

**Library of Entertaining Knowledge.** (London, Knight).—Volume first of a description of the Townley Gallery, in the British Museum, with almost as many cuts as pages. Replete, also, with classical illustrations, it is altogether a production most creditable to the publication of which it forms a part.

**Gymnasium, sive Symbola Critica.** Pp. 454. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—An abridgement of Dr. Crombie's well-known and excellent work, than which the English language does not possess a better for leading the student to a correct acquaintance with the Latin prose style. It is now of a fitter size for a school-book.

**Reflections on Revealed and Profane Theology, &c.** Pp. 110. (London, Rivington).—Suggested by Lord Crombie's "Discourse on Natural Theology," and questioning numerous points in that celebrated essay.

**Standard Novels, No. LIV.** (London, Bentley).—Truly a standard volume; for it contains Mr. Morier's admirable story of "Zohrab the Hostage." The illustrations, from the characteristic pencil of Mr. Cawse, are entirely congenial to the text.

**Bedside Manual of Physical Diagnosis,** by Dr. G. Cowan. Pp. 58. (London, Sherwood and Co.).—A brief guide to the symptoms of various diseases, as ascertained by auscultation.

**The Progress of the Nation, &c.,** by G. R. Porter, Esq. 12mo. Pp. 350. (London, Knight).—A mass of statistical information, displaying the extraordinary advance of England, in almost every direction, towards national wealth, power, and greatness.

*Contrast; or, the History of a Day*, by W. Anderson, Esq. (London, Smith, Elder and Co.)—A very pretty little book for young children, in which the writer contrasts a day of instruction, pleasure, and happiness, enjoyed by a good, with the same period of truancy, mischief, and suffering, by a naughty boy. The moral is obvious.

*The Pulpit*, Vol. XXVIII. (London, Sherwood and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliphant.)—This valuable publication has passed into new hands; and we have to notice some very material improvements in the manner in which it is printed, and its general appearance. It contains fifty-two Sermons, of various force and merit, by distinguished preachers.

*Songs, and Lyric Poems*, by Robert Story. Pp. 137. (London, Fraser.)—A second edition of these highly Conservative effusions, in which patriotism and loyalty are fervently breathed forth. The volume is inscribed to Lord F. Egerton, to whom one of the songs, "The Isles are Awake," very popular at the elections two years ago, was erroneously attributed, and, if we remember rightly, commented upon as his in some of the newspapers.

*Conversations about the Whale Fishery and Polar Seas*, pp. 379. (London, Relfe and Fletcher; New York, Harper.)—This is a very entertaining and instructive little work for the young. The marvellous adventures of the whale fishery, and the scientific information connected with the polar seas, collected from various sources, form at once a very interesting series of half-breathless accidents and dangers to attract the attention, and a notice of many matters worthy of the graver notice of the reader.

*An Account of the most frequented Watering Places on the Continent*, by Edwin Lee, Esq., M.R.C.S. (London, Longman and Co.)—This is a very valuable volume—a sort of medical guide-book, containing a list of the places, and affixed to each a table of analysis, showing the respective properties of the waters. It is a good idea, and Mr. Lee deserves much credit for the industry with which he has collected, and the clearness with which he has arranged his materials.

*Emulation*, by Mrs. Hoffman. (London, Newman and Co.)—Mrs. Hoffman still pursues her valuable path. Few have done more to enlighten and to amuse the rising generation; and to their gratitude we commend her. The present story is interesting and instructive as its predecessors.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Exhibition of Paintings at the Royal Academy.*  
Berlin, October.

LAST Sunday there were no fewer than 2000 persons assembled in the saloons, to pay their tribute of homage to this noble art: but there never, perhaps, was an exhibition more deserving than the present of general admiration, both for the quantity and the quality of the paintings exhibited. The jewel, however, of the whole collection, is the picture of a Prussian painter, of the name of Hildebrandt (Dusseldorf school), which represents the black deed perpetrated by that hunchback, King Richard, on the children of Edward. *Innocence!* oh! it does not exist, if it resembles not, to the utmost, the sleep of these two sweet children. *Crime!* it is a non-entity, if it is not incorporated in that ruffian who grasps convulsively at the cushion with which he is going to smother the lovely sleepers. How could I wish, in gratitude to your unsurpassed and unsurpassable bard, that he might have seen this personification of the inditings of his immortal genius! It would, perhaps, have inspired him to sublimities which even he has not reached; for this is the essence of art—real art—like light, which multiplies itself through itself. The picture I speak of is the property of one of the richest noblemen, who has refused the price of 2000*l.* sterling, offered to him by a countryman of yours. Your National Gallery might well be proud of it; and I certainly do believe that it is the most proper place for such a *sujet*, and that Count Spiegel von Desenberg ought to have been cosmopolite enough to accept of the price, under the condition that it should be placed there. So much at present for the cultivation of art in Germany. I have not forgotten the promise, in my last communication, to treat on a very different subject; and shall fulfil it in my next, being rather timid to take up too much of your space with German topics, though they may, in some regard, be looked upon as having a character of general

interest. For the present, allow me, in conclusion, yet to observe, that, of the transactions at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, there will shortly appear a very extensive report in German, filling a pretty large volume, the objects treated upon having excited unusual interest, particularly the experiments of Mr. Cross, who, by the bye, has found a respectable rival in Professor Goeppert of Breslau. Query: Will your savants not think it worth while to have a report of the transactions of our Association, whose meeting at Jena has just been held? What a vast deal of crude stuff one finds in those travels of Englishmen which treat of Germany! I read, in one of these tours, that there are yet nomadic tribes in the very heart of this country. Now, the author, if not guilty of a falsehood, which I am unwilling to believe, has most certainly committed some strange *quid pro quo*; for, do you ever call those Irish who come over in the harvest season to England, nomadic tribes?

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

OUR intelligence from Bussora adds little to what is already known to the public. The expedition reached that city in safety, and all well, with the exception, we regret to say, of its leader, Colonel Chesney, who continued still to be an invalid. They had various adventures with the Arabs during their descent from Anna; and some obstructions were found in the river itself, which they, however, surmounted without much difficulty. From all we learn, we are more inclined to augur auspiciously of this enterprise. It would, indeed, be the height of injustice and folly were we now to stop short of giving it a full and fair trial. Commenced and carried through amidst so many obstacles (such as are inseparable from first attempts), it would be a national disgrace to yield to so unimportant an event (we speak of it in its value as loss of money, not as it involved the melancholy loss of lives), as the misfortune which befel the Tigris. The way is now cleared—there is fuel in abundance to supply the steam-vessels, and British energy has conquered all opposition. Shall we stop till the navigation of the great river Euphrates is secured and placed on a lasting footing? We trust not.

#### ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the St. James's Ornithological Society was held on the 21st inst., Mr. Yarrell in the chair, when the Earl of Liverpool was elected president. The object of this society is to ornament the water in St. James's Park with a variety of hardy species of water-fowl from foreign countries. There are already on the water a great number of curious birds, and the society have announced the intention of certain of the members to present a further supply of the feathered tribe for the amusement and instruction of the public. Such an institution we rejoice to see brought into operation: all such societies are excellently adapted to adorn and improve the country, and we could desire to see those which exist more liberally supported so as to enlarge their sphere of operation, and others added to their number for every object not yet embraced by public spirit and combination.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Oct. 12th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—E. Elder, Scholar, F. J. Smith, Balliol College; Rev. E. B. Were, Queen's College; H. Dale, F. B. Wells, Denys, Magdalen College; Rev. A. S. London, H. S. Murray, Christ Church College; Rev. E. W. Barlow, Exeter College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—W. Wilson, Scholar, Queen's College; A. Matthews, Lincoln College; J. Whatman, Christ Church College; J. C. Prichard, Scholar, Trinity College; T. C. Brown, Magdalen Hall, Grand Compounder, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 12th.—The following degrees were conferred:—  
*Masters of Arts*.—H. Barrett, Pembroke College; C. R. Darwin, Christ's College.  
*Bachelors of Arts*.—D. Broughton, Caius College; D. M. Mackintosh, Corpus Christi College.

#### SHAKESPEARE.

THE following passages, amongst others of Shakespeare, shew that the bard of Avon was imbued with a sense of the beautiful poetry of Holy Writ; and that he sometimes paraphrased it, and applied it to his own purpose. To say that the passages annexed are merely so many coincidences, would be absurd.

Of "mercy," says *Portia*,—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd:  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath."

"Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction,  
as clouds of rain in the time of drought."

*Eccles.* chap. xxxv. v. 20.

"It is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:"—  
"Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy."  
*Matthew*, chap. v. v. 7.

Again,—

"Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation:"

"Enter not into judgment with thy servant:  
for in thy sight shall no man living be justified."  
*Psalms*, chap. cxliii. v. 2.

And, again, in the same play, *Gratiano* says to his friend *Antonio*—

"I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I open my lips, let no dog bark:  
Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing:"

"Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is  
counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is  
esteemed a man of understanding."

*Proverbs*, chap. xvii. v. 28.

In *As You Like it*, we have—

"Though thou the waters warp:"

"By the breath of God frost is given, and  
the breadth of the waters is straitened."

*Job*, chap. xxxvii. v. 10.

To "warp," in the above passage, we need not tell our readers, signifies "to contract, to shrivel."

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Book of Gems: the Poets and Artists of Great Britain*. Edited by S. C. Hall. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

IT was with great delight that we saw this elegant volume laid on our table: it completes the proposed centenary of British poets and British artists. Although, as far as our recollections go (and we have not the means of immediate comparison), it is not quite equal to its brilliant predecessor, it is sufficiently beautiful for all that; and abundantly justifies Mr. Hall in the expression of his hopes, "that it accomplishes what was originally had in view—'to collect and arrange, in a popular and attractive form, the most perfect specimens of the poets, illustrated by the pencils of the artists, of Great Britain'; and that he has succeeded in 'extending the knowledge and appreciation of British poetry and British art.'"



The poets illustrated, are Pomfret, Swift, Addison, Watts, Phillips, Parnell, Young, Tickell, Ramsay, Pope, Gay, Somerville, Green, Savage, Blair, Thomson, Mallet, Dyer, Hamilton, Brooke, Lyttleton, Johnson, Armstrong, Glover, Shenstone, Gray, Collins, Smollet, Akenside, Cotton, Mason, Warton, Goldsmith, Cunningham, Falconer, Scott, Churchill, Cowper, Darwin, Lloyd, Beattie, Langhorne, Hayley, Jones, Logan, Barnard, Chatterton, Burns, Hurdis, and Bloomfield. The illustrating artists are Parriss, Wood, Flaxman, Harvey, Bonington, Danby, Pidding, Linton, Holst, Vickers, Allan, Lee, Cooper, Creswick, Crissall, Fraser, Clater, Boys, Lover, Balmer, Derby, Jenkins, Shepherd, Barrett, Bentley, Webster, Cottman, Leslie, Roberts, Turner, Chatfield, West, Constable, Farrier, Barclay, Fielding, Priest, Smirke, Oakley, Nixon, Bass, Hill, Robertson, Gainsborough, Boxall, Miss Corboux, Knight, Pyne, Ibbotson, Cox, Shayer, and Miss Byrne. Contemplating the mass of talent thus enlisted, we are not surprised to hear that the work has been "an undertaking costly beyond precedent." We will predict, however, that, whatever may have been the expense attendant upon it, it will soon be amply repaid. An elaborate description of these "Gems" would fill our Gazette; we must, therefore, content ourselves with a word or two of comment on some of the most striking. "The Memorial," J. Flaxman, R.A.; engraved by A. R. Freebairn: a classical, chaste, and charming group. "The Palace," W. Linton, engraved by E. T. Willmore: a splendid sunset. "The Thames at Oxford," A. Vickers; engraved by A. R. Freebairn: a lovely English landscape. "Peggy and Patie," W. Allan, R.A.; engraved by F. Bacon: playful and fascinating. "The Plough," F. Lee, A.R.A.; engraved by W. J. Cooke: simple rustic nature. "The Kine at Eve," S. Cooper; engraved by W. Finden: admirably grouped. "Hawking," T. Creswick; engraved by W. Goodall: *multum in parvo*. "The Hermit," A. Fraser; engraved by C. Rolls: a little Teniers. "The Orphans," T. Clater; engraved by W. Greatbach: pathetic. "The Quay," T. Boys; engraved by W. J. Cooke: fine breadth of effect. "The Sea-Pink," S. Lover; engraved by W. Greatbach: pretty and innocent. "The River," G. Balmer; engraved by J. Lewis: at once powerful and delicate. "Cupid and Psyche," J. Wood; engraved by W. Greatbach: worthy of Etty's pupil. "Ruins," C. P. Barrett; engraved by J. Hinchcliff: magnificent—of course, a sunset. "The Wreck," J. C. Bentley; engraved by H. Wallis: full of sad truth. "The Schoolmistress," T. Webster; engraved by W. H. Simmons: in Mr. Webster's happiest vein. "Eton, from Windsor," F. Cottman; engraved by J. Lewis: as in "the olden time." "Israel in Babylon," W. E. West; engraved by W. Greatbach: in the peculiar style of this able artist. "The Broken Soldier," R. Farrier; engraved by H. Rolls: read our last remark again. "The Cockney Drive," R. W. Buss; engraved by R. Goodyear: once more. "The Gipsy Mother," A. Robertson; engraved by W. Greatbach: vigorous and beautiful. "The Persian Maid," W. Boxall; engraved by R. Hatfield: lovely creature! "The Mourner," F. Corboux; engraved by E. Finden: a feeling that does the fair artist great credit. "The Dream of Chatterton," J. B. Pyne; engraved by A. R. Freebairn: any thing but commonplace. "The Port," D. Cox; engraved by W. Greatbach: nature, "and no mistake." "The Farmer's Boy," W. Shayer; engraved

by E. Portbury: a charmingly managed rustic group.

We are happy to see more than half a promise that next year we shall have a volume of similar character, containing selections from the poets by whom our own times have been more immediately distinguished.

*Illustrations of the Biblical Keepsake. 1837.* Made from original Sketches, taken on the spot, and engraved by W. and E. Finden. Murray.

THESE illustrations are thirty-two in number. "Many views of places," it is observed in the Preface, "deservingly dear to the devout student of the Holy Scriptures, and to Christian travellers in Palestine,—an account of the important transactions of which they were the scenes,—will be found in the following pages, delineated for the first time, and with equal accuracy and beauty." Of their accuracy, we, unfortunately, cannot speak from personal knowledge; although we have no doubt that they are as accurate as views, sketched by one person, and to which another has, in general, imparted the graces of effect and execution, can be expected to be: but on their beauty we can confidently pronounce. Nor will this surprise any one who is told that the masterly pencils of Brockedon, Dibdin, Harding, Linton, Prout, Roberts, Stanfield, and Turner, have been employed in their productions. The Findens have executed their portion of the work with their usual ability and taste.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems.* Engraved by F. C. Lewis. With Biographical and Descriptive Memorials. By P. G. Patmore. Ackermann and Co.

EVERY thing that proceeded from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence bears upon it the stamp of taste and beauty. All who feel this truth—or, in other words, all the admirers of taste and beauty—will be gratified to learn, that the elegant publication under our notice contains sketches by that accomplished artist, of which the Editor says, that "the greater portion are now, for the first time, seen by the public eye; having been strictly private performances, executed for the personal gratification of the artist, and his nearest and dearest relatives, at those brief periods of relaxation from his professional pursuits which he occasionally, and too rarely, passed in the bosom of his family connexions." They are principally the children, at various ages, of Mrs. Bloxan, the sister to whom Sir Thomas was so tenderly attached; and, although slight and unfinished, are perfect in feeling and expression. Besides these, there are drawings of the painter's father and mother (the latter taken only half an hour before her death), and a few others. The whole forms a charming little collection, to which Mr. Patmore has given additional interest, by his "biographical and descriptive memorials." It is superfluous to say, that the plates have been admirably and characteristically engraved by Mr. Lewis.

*Robinson Crusoe reading the Bible to his Man Friday.* Painted by A. Fraser, engraved by C. E. Lewis. Hodgson and Graves.

WHAT an inexhaustible fund of fascination there is in De Foe's immortal story! It is impossible to read a page of it without a revival of the enjoyment which accompanied its first perusal. Powerfully describing incidents which, though romantic, may happen to any man, and feelings which are common to every human breast, it delights equally all countries, and (in

both senses of the word) all ages. We spoke of Mr. Fraser's fine picture with the praise which it deserved, when it was exhibited, two or three years ago, at the British Gallery. Mr. Lewis has done it great justice; has preserved its character, its depth, and its effect; and has been singularly happy in expressing the facile execution of the original.

*The Country Squire and the Gipsies.* Painted by C. Hancock; engraved by H. Quilley. Hodgson and Graves.

A SWEET little mezzotint, lightly and charmingly handled. The composition is very much *à la Wouvermans*; but there is more of story than is usual in the productions of that celebrated master.

*Maria F. Malibran.* Drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from Sketches by A. E. Chalon, R.A. Mitchell.

Two interesting plates, derived from Mr. Chalon's Sketch-book. The one (No. VIII. of "Chalon's Operative Sketches") contains a whole-length of Malibran, in the character of *Fidelma*, and a profile resemblance of her face; together embodying the following note from Mr. Chalon's book:—

"After playing *Fidelma*, in Cimarosa's opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Malibran went into a pit-box to see the ballet, or rather to afford the public a better opportunity of appreciating her powers of transformation. July 31st, 1830."

The other plate contains a repetition of the last-mentioned head; but drawn of a rather larger size, and, as will appear on comparing them, with greater delicacy and sweetness of expression.

*Twelve Sketches of Macready's Attitudes in Ion.* By Ellen Wallace. Spooner.

To say that these sketches are fine works of art would be untrue; but they shew power in seizing upon fleeting attitudes and expression; and, considering the difficulty of the undertaking, do Miss Wallace great credit.

*Chartres Cathedral, East Porch.* S. Prout, del. J. Egan, sculp. Ackermann and Co. A MAGNIFICENT mezzotint engraving of a grand and beautiful drawing.

*A Series of Heads after the Antique.* By B. R. Green. No. V. Rowney and Co. THE present Number completes Mr. Green's work; of the merits of which as a drawing-book, we have already more than once spoken.

#### POETRY.

In making our quotations from the *Drawing-Room Scrap Book*, we omitted the two following poems of great interest.

"The Church at Polignac.

Kneel down in yon chapel, but only one prayer  
Should awaken the echoes its tall arches bear:  
Pale mother, pray not for the child on the bed,  
For the sake of the prisoner let matins be said;  
Old man, though the shade of thy grave-stone be high,  
Yet not for thyself raise thy voice to the sky;  
Young maiden, then kneeling, with blush and with  
tear,

Name not the one name to thy spirit most dear,  
The prayer for another, to Heaven addressed;  
Comes back to the breather thrice blessing and blessed.

Beside the damp marsh, rising sickly and cold,  
Stand the bleak and stern walls of the dark prison hold;  
There, fallen and friendless, forlorn and oppressed,  
Are they—once the flattered, obeyed, and caressed,  
From the blessings that God gives the poorest exiled,  
His wife is a widow, an orphan his child;  
For years there the prisoner has wearily pined,  
Apart from his country, apart from his kind;  
Amid millions of freemen, one last lonely slave,  
He knoweth the gloom, not the peace of the grave.

I plead not their errors, my heart's in the cause,  
Which bows down the sword with the strength of the laws;  
But France, while within her such memories live,  
With her triumphs around, can afford to forgive.

Let Freedom, while raising her glorious brow,  
Shake the tears from her laurels that darken thee now,  
Be the chain and the bar from yon prison removed,  
Give the children their parent, the wife her beloved.  
By the heart of the many is pardon assigned,  
For, Mercy, thy cause is the cause of mankind."

#### "Antioch.

When the vulture on the wind  
Mounted as in days of old,  
Leaving hope and fear behind,  
What did his dark flight behold?  
Conquest, in its crimson car,  
Reddening sword and broken spear,  
Nations gathering to the war,  
These were in his wide career.  
When the thunder and his wing  
Swept the startled earth below,  
Did the flight prophetic bring  
Omen of the world we know?  
Vainly did the augur seek  
In its path the will of Heaven;  
Not to that fierce eye and beak  
Was the fated future given.  
No, the future's depths were stirred  
By the white wings of the dove;  
When the troubled earth first heard  
Words of peace, and words of love.  
Now, for other hopes arise  
Over life's enlarging day,  
Science, commerce, enterprise,  
Point to man his glorious way.  
Where those distant deserts wind,  
Even now an English hand  
Urges the triumphs of the mind  
Through a wild and savage land.  
Mind, and only mind, could gain  
Such a conquest as they ask;  
Stormy wind, and sandy plain,  
Doubt and death attend the task.  
They will make their gallant way,  
Must achieve their glorious goal;  
It is night subdued by day,  
'Tis the mastery of the soul.  
Let the dark Euphrates bear  
English keel and English sail;  
Not alone o'er wind and air  
Will the enterprise prevail:  
But our flag will bear around,  
Faith and knowledge, light and hope;  
Empire with no other bound  
Than the wide horizon's scope.  
Honour to the generous band,  
Bearing round our name and laws,  
For the honour of our land,  
For Humanity's great cause."

#### SKETCHES.

*Observations on the Curiosities of Nature.* By the late William Burt, Esq.

THIS volume, which we rather too briefly noticed in our Number 2015 (page 425), presents us with a part of the posthumous remains of a writer of fine capabilities; and we are so much pleased with it, that we cannot but extremely regret to learn, that a large collection of his manuscripts have been suffered to perish. From a number of entertaining and interesting papers we select the following as a fair specimen, and, with it, cordially recommend the publication to the reading world, as one eminently calculated to instruct and amuse the vacant hour:—

*Remarkable Prophecy.*—"In the propensity of the human mind to ascribe to itself the power of prophecy, and to endeavour to remove that veil with which futurity is fortunately enveloped, have principally originated the numerous predictions which we occasionally read with interest. There is, in particular, no want of such as relate to the great catastrophe in France: among these, the well-known French writer, Cazotte, is eminently distinguished. His prophecy of the French revolution is more precise and explicit than oracles of this kind generally are; and though reason naturally excites a distrust of such visions and predictions, yet the reputation of the narrator (Laharpe) demands some attention to the prophetic effusions which he himself heard, in the year 1788, from the lips of Cazotte. In this year, a large company of

courtiers, men of letters, and others, was assembled together after a superb repast, where the Malvoise and Cape wines had elevated the gaiety of the company to such a degree, that it could scarcely be restrained within any bounds. Many impious jests were launched against religion: one read passages from Voltaire amidst universal plaudits; a second rose, and, with a bumper in his hand, exclaimed, 'Yes, gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God as I am certain that Homer was a blockhead;' a third admired the revolution which had been effected in the empire of the sciences; a fourth related, with a hearty laugh, that his hair-dresser had remarked to him, that, 'though I am but a poor fellow, I concern myself as little about religion as the grandest gentleman;' and it was the general opinion of all, that a political revolution would soon arrive, and that fanaticism must give way to the philosophic spirit of the times. Only one individual of the party withheld his applause from the conversation: he merely laughed now and then at its enthusiasm. This was the amiable but eccentric Cazotte. He at length broke silence, and said, with the utmost solemnity, 'Gentlemen, you will live to see this great and sublime revolution, which you so anxiously desire. Yes, I repeat it, that you will live to see it.' 'That may be,' rejoined one of the company, 'it is not difficult to foresee the certainty of this event.' 'Agreed,' replied Cazotte; 'but do you know what will be the consequences of this revolution, and what will become of you all during its operation?' 'Well, let us hear, then,' said Condorcet, with a sarcastic smile. 'You,' replied Cazotte, 'M. de Condorcet, will die in prison, and by poison, which you will take to escape the hand of the executioner; and so great will be the happiness of this revolutionary era, that people will carry their dose constantly with them in their pocket.' The whole table was convulsed with laughter. 'But how,' remarked one of the guests, 'do you come by prisons, poison, and executioners, Cazotte? what have these to do with reason and philosophy?' 'Tis in the very name of philosophy,' answered Cazotte, 'in the very name of liberty and humanity that reason will rule in the manner I predict; it will be the express reign of reason, for to her alone will altars be erected throughout all France, and the other temples will be shut up.' 'Upon my soul,' interrupted Chamfort, with a contemptuous smile, 'you, Cazotte, will not be one of the priests that will perform the worship of reason.' 'I hope not,' was the reply: 'but you, de Chamfort, will be one of the most worthy; for you will open your veins with a razor, but you will not die until several months afterwards.' The company looked at each other, and the laughter was redoubled. 'You,' continued Cazotte, 'de Vicq d'Azyr, will open six veins, one after another, in a fit of the gout, and die in the night. As for you, Nicholai, Baily, and Malesharbe, you will all three die on the scaffold. You, too, Rouchet, will expire in the same manner.' 'He must have conspired to exterminate us all together,' became now the universal cry. 'No, I have not,' Cazotte replied. 'You will then live under the sway of reason and philosophy alone; and those from whom you will receive such treatment are nothing but philosophers, who, like yourselves, will have nothing in their mouths but reason and philosophy!' 'But when,' interrupted Chamfort, 'are all these things to happen?' 'Scarcely six years,' said Cazotte, 'will elapse, ere my predictions will be fulfilled.' 'That is wonderful,' at length ex-

claimed Laharpe; 'and am I then to make no figure in these scenes?' 'You, sir,' rejoined Cazotte, 'are destined for one of the most extraordinary wonders—you will become a Christian!' The room shook with violent and universal peals of laughter. 'We women come off the best,' observed the Duchesse de Grammont, 'as we pass for nothing in the revolution.' 'You are mistaken, madam,' replied Cazotte, 'even your sex will not protect you; you will be conveyed in the executioner's cart, with other ladies, and your hands tied behind you; even ladies of higher rank will be conveyed in the same manner.' 'Ladies of higher rank! who can they be?' inquired one of the company. 'The princesses of the blood-royal! Some of still higher rank than—' Here the company was in visible emotion, and a deep gloom overspread every countenance. Madame de Grammont, to bring back the conversation to a more agreeable tone, remarked, 'They will, however, let me have a confessor?' 'No, madam,' said Cazotte, 'nobody will have any; the last condemned person, to whom one will be allowed as a favour, will be—he appeared in evident emotion—the King of France!' The host and his guests rose abruptly from the table, and Cazotte was about to retire, when Madame de Grammont detained him a little longer, by saying, 'You have prophesied enough concerning us, but you have not said a word about yourself.' Cazotte paused some time—his eyes were bedimmed with tears:—'Have you, madam, ever read the siege of Jerusalem by the historian Josephus?' Madame de Grammont replied in the affirmative, but desired him to continue as if she had not. 'Well then, madam, during this siege, a man went for seven successive days round the ramparts of the city, in the face of the besieging Romans and the besieged Jews, incessantly crying, with a voice of thunder, 'Wo to thee, Jerusalem! wo to myself!' and at the same moment a prodigious stone, discharged from the enemy's machines, dashed him into a thousand pieces.' After this answer Cazotte pensively withdrew. Let the reader open the history of the revolution, and he will find how, and on what days, the events announced in 1788, were accomplished in the years 1792, 1793, and 1794. Laharpe, it is well known, escaped; but the atrocities of the revolution, which he looked upon as the consequences of what were falsely denominated reason and philosophy, made such an impression upon him, that, in his last years, he became one of the most zealous defenders of that religion which he had so furiously attacked. If a perusal of this interesting and affecting anecdote should have the same effect on the sceptical, Cazotte will not have uttered his predictions in vain, which are almost equally applicable to the present times, as they were to those to which they alluded when uttered."

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—On Monday and Wednesday, Mr. Forrest put his histrionic fame to the test by performing *Othello*, and—with his associates, Warde, Cooper, Hooper, Miss Taylor, and Miss Huddart—braving the daring comparison with the powerful cast at the other house, with Macready, Vandenhoff, C. Kemble, Webster, Miss H. Faucit, and Mrs. W. West. Unbiased, or, rather say, unprejudiced, by the absurdities of the play-bills,—the effect

was great. "The astounding effects produced by the unrivalled performance of Mr. Edwin Forrest, in Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy of *Othello*, (1) having placed him at the very head of his profession, and established him at the most extraordinary actor of modern times, and that

of which, if they still continue to have any effect except producing laughter and contempt, must be injurious to any respectable actor,—we have witnessed the representation; and, though certainly neither betrayed into enthusiasm nor astounded, have to express considerable satisfaction at the manner in which the principal part was sustained. Taken as a whole, *Othello* was rather above than below the level of the generality of aspirants to the highest walks of the drama, whom we have witnessed on the London stage. Mr. Forrest is a man of sound judgment and discretion. Though he often resembled Kean, so much as to smack of imitation, it appeared to us that he was not a servile imitator, so much as a fair copyist of what he deemed good, mixed up with his own conceptions. But still his Moor was coarse, and wanted the fineness of delineation which alone can make him great. Several of the most vigorous passages were admirably delivered; but, in all that are tender, Mr. Forrest failed. His physical qualities seem to forbid pathos, neither action nor voice seconding his ideas. The *ars celare artem* was decidedly wanting, and the evils of melodrama were evident in some of the best situations, where applause or other causes led to the prolongation of the theatrical effect. No actor can tremble, quiver hands, or roll eyes, beyond a limited time; and to be obliged to do so for an extended period tends to the ludicrous instead of the tragic. Of the other parts we have little to say. Ward's *Iago* and Cooper's *Cassio* are familiar to the public as respectable personations. Mr. Hooper squealed like a pig in a gate, and made his murder most laughable. Miss Taylor played *Desdemona* well—better than could be anticipated from one whose forte and line of business are not tragedy; and Miss Huddart was as good an *Emilia* as the stage can boast—temperate and discriminating, till overborne by the final burst of passionate grief, which alone affords scope for the display of superior endowments.

**St. James's Theatre.**—On Thursday, *Artaxerxes* was produced with a wonderfully attractive cast, and splendid scenery. The theatre was accordingly filled to the utmost. Braham himself took the part of *Artabanus*, and gave *Artaxerxes* to Mr. Bennett: both were admirably sung. Miss Rainsforth, a pupil of T. Cooke, who has been much distinguished at the recent musical festivals, made her *début* as *Mandane*, and did honour to her tuition and to her own talents. She has a fine appearance for the stage, acts with much effect, and has a compass of voice (a soprano) which nearly approaches the excellence of Grisi. Miss Smith, with her charming notes, was *Artaxerxes*, and looked larger than any of the Persian princes who have lately left us—indeed, as large as the whole trio rolled into one. We have heard, after first nights, of cutting down plays and parts; but how this is to be accomplished in the present case, we cannot even imagine.

**English Opera.**—In the *Mountain Sylph*, Miss P. Horton has been called on to sustain the character of *Elia*; and though we have had *Romer*, and *Shirreff*, she acquitted herself play having been received throughout with unprecedented enthusiasm, will be repeated," &c. *Après*, the tomfooleries of theatrical folks, and especially at this theatre, seem to have no limit. Only think of their making a grand *scena* in the green-room on Friday night, after the play was over, when Mr. Bartley presented a silver cup, in testimony of their admiration of his talents as an actor, and his character as a man! They had seen him play *Spartacus* thrice, and as a man knew nothing about him! The compliment, no doubt, was in a good and commendable spirit to an American performer, but its execution was ridiculous. Mr. Bartley played *Peacocks* after.

so well as to deserve the general applause which has attended her effort. Mr. Frazer, as *Donald*, and Löffler, as *Hela*, also did ample justice to these parts, and the *comique* was throughout very entertaining.

#### VARIETIES.

**Duke of Wellington.**—The city subscription for a tribute to the Duke of Wellington goes on most auspiciously. Above 2000*l.* have already been collected, though hardly any public bodies have yet moved in the matter, and a great number of individuals have not had time nor opportunity to fulfil their expressed intentions. No doubt it will be worthy of the hero, and of his admirers in the metropolis of the mercantile world.

**The Aurora Borealis** of the 18th appears, from all accounts, to have been one of the most extraordinary, and widely seen, of which we have any records. It was visible all over the north of Germany, as well as in the British Isles.

**The Luxor Obelisk**, from Thebes, was on Tuesday erected, with grand ceremony and *éclat*, in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, the king and royal family being present on the occasion. On the previous day, part of the machinery for elevating the pillar fell, and killed several spectators. The French are but indifferent machinists; the English are excellent; but, then, our poor country cannot afford the expense of bringing Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt, as an exercise for its strength and ingenuity! Miserable England!

**Speed.**—Mr. Horace Smith, in a lecture delivered at Brighton, on the powers of steam, and the future prospects it opens to the world, mentions a projector, whose enthusiasm carried him so far, that he prognosticated the time would shortly arrive, when, by steam and railroad, "a man might travel from Brighton to London in less time than he could stay at home!" Of course it must be by the line without a tunnel.

**New Island.**—A new island, of volcanic formation, it is stated, is being upraised in the Gulf of Santorini, which may, in progress of time, add another rocky site to the Grecian Archipelago.

**Anemometer.**—We learn, from the last No. of the *Analyst* (No. XVII., a periodical of genuine literary and scientific character), that Mr. F. Osler has invented an anemometer of a very admirable description, for recording the direction, and measuring and registering the velocity, of the winds. An account of it is promised in the "Transactions of the Birmingham Philosophical Institution."

**Navigation of the Shannon.**—We rejoice to see it stated in the newspapers, that government has granted 40,000*l.* towards the improvement of the river Shannon. We last year descended this magnificent stream, and were amazed at the capabilities it offered for the improvement of all those rich tracts of country through which it rolls its waters, and for promoting the general wealth and prosperity of Ireland. Such an artery ought, alone, to convey the life-blood of industry, activity, commerce, and riches, throughout a whole nation, and its collateral veins be amply sufficient to circulate comfort and happiness among a people as numerous as the inhabitants of Ireland.

**New Carriage.**—Among the minor improvements, which are ever and anon coming forth to add to our comforts, and contribute to our pleasures, while they consult our safety, we may notice the invention of a new carriage by

Messrs. Laurie, which combines "the summer and winter carriage in one." This handsome and most convenient equipage (in which we should delight to be able to ride; but literary men must be content to walk) is not only completely close, when wanted to be so, but is susceptible of being enlarged or contracted, *ad libitum*. Thus, for a sulky, a *vis-à-vis*, *tête-à-tête*, a friendly side by side, or a snug family party, one has only to use a power more ready than that which made Cinderella's pumpkin a coach and six, and, lo, and behold! you are accommodated to your wish!

**Medical General Practitioners.**—About a hundred gentlemen, belonging to this association, dined publicly on Thursday, when several speeches were delivered; and the advantages held out by the institution to the medical profession in general, were forcibly expounded.

**Copyright.**—A commission has been framed by the French government, consisting of eminent artists and literary men, to examine the present state of legislation, as concerns literature, and report the improvements which they consider ought to be made thereon. Among all its various commissions, such a one is most grievously wanted from the ministers of England.

**Thomas Cadell, Esq.**—This most respectable and highly esteemed publisher and bookseller, whose house in the Strand has so long been known to the best classes of English literature, died on the 26th, at Richmond, aged sixty-four.

**Nottingham Hose.**—A punning correspondent writes us from Nottingham, that, passing through the place, he purchased some of the manufacture, or rather pedifacure, for which it is famous, viz. several pairs of stockings, and was charged, as a stranger, exorbitantly for them. "I found (he says) that they were literally fleecy-y hosiery, till I slept at the next inn; when, on transferring a pair from the bed to my legs, I discovered that they were also fleecy-y hose."

**Shetland Journal.**—In its progress, the periodical press (as we see from a copy, No. II., sent to us) has at last penetrated to Shetland, where a newspaper, to appear monthly, or oftener as occasion may serve, has been published at Lerwick. It is of strong radical politics; and violent party feelings of any kind are to be deprecated in such productions, whose best use is to spread useful local information, and afford general instruction to readers. Steam is doing wonders in the Ultima Thule; and this year the furthest Highlands of Scotland have been thronged with tourists of every European nation. The result will, we trust, soon be visible in improved modes of country conveyance and accommodation. Kisheys, maizheys, and bludeys, are not the easiest of carriages; and the inns are in general very poor affairs; but the money spent and left by travellers must speedily shew its good fruits in improvements of every sort. One of the latest remarkable effects of the intercourse is the exportation of herrings in ice from Inverness to London.

**Dwarfs.**—Don Santiago de los Santos (rather a favourite with us, as our readers may remember), a Spaniard, of twenty-five inches in height, who has performed at the Adelphi and Victoria theatres, having, in July 1834, committed matrimony with Miss Ann Hopkins, aged thirty-one, and of the altitude of thirty-eight inches, the consequence was, a boy, born alive, in Holborn, on Sunday morning. Its own span was thirteen and a half inches, and its span of life above an hour; its weight one pound four and a half ounces avoirdupois. At



St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, they refused to bury such a trifle; and the progeny of the Santos' is to be exhibited in spirits, and deposited in a public museum.

*See Trans. R.*

**Parkins's New Rail-Roads.**—We were unfortunately prevented, by other engagements, from witnessing Mr. Parkins's new rail-road improvements, which were exhibited near London Bridge, on Thursday week. We understand they consist of two substances, one a concrete, to supersede the use of iron; and the engineers and gentlemen who were present, have expressed themselves highly satisfied with the experiment.

**Beetroot.**—Since the introduction of this valuable root into France, or rather since its extensive cultivation for the making of sugar, the French government and chemists have been indefatigable in turning it to the best advantage. The *Journal des Debats* now states, that M. Dubrunfaut has discovered a method of extracting potash, equal to the foreign imports, from the residue of the molasses after distillation; which residue had previously, after producing some alcohol, been thrown away as worthless. This important process supplies 1-6th of potash to the quantity of sugar obtained, and is calculated at 7,000,000 kilogrammes per annum; the price of which would amount to from eight to nine millions of francs. The manufacture of sugar from beetroot is so rapidly increasing in France, that the duties on imported sugar, for the first nine months of 1836, are 4,093,803 francs less than for the corresponding nine months of 1835.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Book of the New Covenant of our Lord Jesus Christ; being a Critical Revision of the New Testament. And also, Annotations to the Book of the New Covenant, with a reprint of I. L. Hug, "De Antiquitate Codicis Vaticanus Commentatio." By Granville Penn, Esq.

The *Foreign Quarterly Review* for October, among other literary announcements, has the following:—

"Dr. Wetter, of Mainz, has just given to the world the results of his many years' inquiries concerning the invention of printing, in a thick 8vo. volume, accompanied with numerous lithographic facsimiles, entitled, 'Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst.' The principal of these results the author has himself thus adverted to in his Preface: 'The opinion that Gutenberg invented the art of printing (that is to say, the composition of movable types for the purpose of producing impressions) at Strasburg, I have proved to be invalid, from the consideration of the facts deduced from the documents of Ditzheim's law-suit; from a critical examination of the hitherto adopted explanations of the technical terms which occur in them; from a comparison of those documents with the undeniable testimony of the inventor, his workmen, and their descendants; and from the refutation of all the arguments brought forward by Schöpfung and his successors. At the same time I have directed attention to the transition from printing by means of a rubber to that with the press, and to the absolute necessity for the application of book-printing in order to the production of books properly so called; also to the true meaning of the term 'forms' in the acts of Ditzheim's suit, which, it affords nothing more than mirrors, as metal mirrors were then cast in forms or moulds. I have given its full importance to the fact, that Gutenberg, even after his removal to Mainz, printed by means of solid blocks; whereas that it was by sawing these blocks into single letters, that he passed on to what may be properly called book-printing, produced complete evidence that he at first printed with wooden types, and connected these types, by stringing them on cords, into lines. That Gutenberg also invented cast-metal types, though only by means of cast matrices, and printed the 42-line Bible, is placed beyond doubt by the interpretation of the testimony of P. Schöffer, recorded by Trithemius; the date of the invention (1450-1452), and of the first diffusion of the art, is fixed beyond contradiction; and the claims of the city of Haarlem, which are far less tenable than those of Strasburg, are for ever annihilated."

"M. Cousin will, we expect, immediately put to press his collection of inedited works of Roger Bacon, which will also form a volume of the publication of that division of the Commission Historique which is occupied with moral and intellectual history."

"A Numismatical Journal has been lately established in France, under the title of 'Revue de la Numismatique Française.' It is published at Blois, and is edited by Messrs. E. Cartier and L. de la Saussaye."

The printers of Paris have opened a subscription for the purpose of either erecting a monument to their re-

cently deceased and truly eminent colleague, Firmin Didot, or having a medal struck in honour of him.

"The Tribunal of Commerce at Paris, has decided, that original articles in the newspapers cannot be copied into other papers till the expiration of five days, in which time they may be dispersed over the whole kingdom; and it has sentenced some of them to pay a pecuniary penalty for violating this regulation."

"At Vienna, Dr. Endlicher is publishing a historical review of the monuments of the Old High-Dutch language."

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Book of Gems for 1837, royal 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.; large paper, 3s. 3s.—French Synonyms and Gender of Nouns, by C. Turrel, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Sir Thos. Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems, imperial 4to. 21s.—The Sacred Album, a Religious Souvenir, 4to. 21s. bd.—New Grammar of French Grammars, by M. de Fiva, Part I. 12mo. 1s. 6d.—History of Wesleyan Methodism in Grantham, by T. Cocking, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The History of Party, by George W. Cooke, Vol. I. 8vo. 21s.—O'Donnoghue on Marriage, 2d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. XV. (Parrots.) 12mo. 6s.—A New Life of Nelson, by the Old Sailor, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—The Token, and Atlantic Souvenir, 1837, 12mo. 1s.—Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance, by T. Moore, 18th edit. fcp. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bd.—The Registration Manual, containing the Marriage Act, &c. &c. 12mo. 2s.—Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. IV. West Indies, Vol. I. 12mo. 6s.—Impressions of England, by Count E. De Melfort, with plates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Young Man's Guide, by T. George, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—A Trip to Rome in 1835, by Thomas Barlow, 18mo. 5s.—A Century of Original Sacred Songs, by T. Griffin, 12mo. 5s.—A Practical Guide to the Prophecies, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, 5th edit. 12mo. 6s.—Montgomery's Theory of Cotton-Spinning, 3d edit. 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Finden's Tableaux; Scenes of National Character, &c. by Mrs. S. C. Hall, imperial 4to. 21s.—India proofs, 3s. 3s.—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s.—Churton's Portrait and Landscape Gallery, roy. 8vo. 10s. hf. bd.—The Dalesman, a Drama, in Six Acts, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Speech of Wm. Clay, Esq. M.P., on Joint Stock Banks, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 48 to 60	29.06 to 29.35
Friday... 14	48 to 58	29.62 to 29.87
Saturday... 15	48 to 61	29.79 to 29.96
Sunday... 16	48 to 59	30.12 to 30.19
Monday... 17	48 to 63	30.09 to 30.09
Tuesday... 18	52 to 63	30.07 to 30.05
Wednesday... 19	51 to 59	30.09 to 30.29

Prevailing winds, S.W. and W. by N. Generally cloudy, with rain at times.

Rain fallen, .25 inch.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 20	From 32 to 56	30.34 to 30.28
Friday... 21	36 to 54	30.23 to 30.22
Saturday... 22	41 to 55	30.29 to 30.20
Sunday... 23	32 to 57	30.29 to 30.28
Monday... 24	41 to 54	30.29 to 30.25
Tuesday... 25	46 to 52	30.18 to 30.14
Wednesday... 26	48 to 54	30.11 to 29.98

Prevailing winds, W. by N. and W. by S. Cloudy, except the 20th, 23d, and afternoon of the 23d; a little rain on the evening of the 25th.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude.... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. September 1836.

Thermometer—Highest.....	70.80	the 26th.
Lowest.....	56.00	21st.
Mean.....	63.0625	
Barometer—Highest.....	29.98	the 23d.
Lowest.....	29.02	6th.
Mean.....	29.60188	and 29th.

Number of days of rain, 16.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 3.28.

Winds.—0 East—9 West—5 North—2 South—0 North—East—2 South—East—4 South—West—8 North—West.

General Observations.—An extraordinary similarity of temperature with that of September of last year distinguished the month, the mean and minimum being very nearly alike, in both instances; the maximum was lower by six degrees, and, consequently, the range was less. The barometer was higher than last year, though below the average of the month, and the rain was much less than in the same month last year, and than usual for September; but the quantity that has fallen since the commencement of the year is almost as much as fell in the whole of the year 1834.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The notice of "Stuart's Antiquities" is an advertisement.

The card for the Austrian singers' private rehearsal of the 22d reached us quite safely on the 25th. We hope they keep time better.

We are obliged to C. B. and much approve of his version; but we have had so much of Faust, that we are almost tired even of that extraordinary production.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS,

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W. De La Rue, Esq. on the History and Manufacture of Playing Cards.

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